



DEC 27 1913

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,033 Vol. 116.

13 December 1913.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	733	MIDDLE ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>).		REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Rosemary and Baubles. By		"The Proud, Full Sail"	748
Mr. Asquith's Subtlety	736	Filson Young	742	The Gospel of St. Marx	749
The Incidence of Taxation	736	Three Hundred Years. By John		A Find	749
The Labour War	737	F. Runciman	743	Florence Nightingale	750
The New French Cabinet	738	"The Doctor's Dilemma." By		Russia	751
Boxers and Croakers	739	John Palmer	744	Novels	752
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		VERSE:		The Latest Books	752
The Fall of the Turk. By the		Growing. By Gilbert Cannan	745	Books Received	753
Author of "The Golden		CORRESPONDENCE:			
Bough"	740	Free Competition and Free Trade	745	FINANCE:	
M. Anatole France	740	A Question for English Settlers		The City	754
The Decline of Eloquence in the		in Natal	746	Insurance: New Life Assurance	
House of Commons. By Arthur		The Hunting Parson	746	Contracts	754
A. Baumann	741	Who Was Datchery?	747		
		Etc., etc.			

We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Bonar Law on Thursday said outright: "It is my belief that the chance of a settlement is smaller to-day than it was when Mr. Asquith spoke at Ladybank six weeks ago." We fear therefore we must accept with some reserve a statement made on authority that during the past week "practical effect has been given within the last few days to the project of a private interchange of views". Has Mr. Asquith waited too long without taking a first practical step? Mr. Bonar Law fears that he has. Mr. Asquith waits; but the position moves.

Whether informal meetings—if arranged—would develop into a formal conference and lead to a settlement largely depends on how soon and how thoroughly Mr. Asquith can convince the rank and file of his party that settlement is their only possible way out. Mr. Asquith's present task is to prove to his party that Ulster is in earnest—that Radicals have definitely to choose between an agreement with the Opposition and civil war. It seems incredible that any politician can now be found who doubts that this is so; but Mr. Asquith has accurately measured the stupidity and wilful blindness with which he has to deal. If Mr. Asquith had moved straight ahead towards a settlement six weeks ago, he would not have succeeded in taking his party with him. It is doubtful whether he could do so even now. Many Radicals—members of the Cabinet even—do not yet understand the position. These Radicals must either be convinced or overridden. Their number gets ever less as the position develops. The mischief is, as Mr. Bonar Law clearly felt at Carnarvon, that delay, though it may be necessary for Mr. Asquith, is perilous for the chances of ultimate peace.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer must clearly be kept out of the discussion if there is to be a

chance of the Irish question being settled without civil war. We say the Chancellor of the Exchequer, because on Tuesday, to the usual salvo of admiring guffaws, he made a gratuitous, an extremely tactless remark about the "enemy" in Ulster, and this despite the excellent tone of Mr. Asquith's speech a week ago, and despite the fact that Mr. Devlin himself spoke sensibly and humanely about Ulster early in the week.

Yet, though there is an improved outlook in the matter of an Irish settlement, our leaders are quite right to warn Unionists to be on their guard against the worst. We must not forget that Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey may not, after all, be able to put sense into those numskull supporters of theirs who still insist that Ulster is bluffing, or that, if she holds out, she can in the end be batoned to death. As we have said, it is these people the Prime Minister has to bring round before he can settle with Ulster.

The Government has now proclaimed that no arms shall be admitted into Ireland; that the Customs officers shall search even the luggage of wayfarers to Dublin for hidden weapons; that anything which might conceivably be mortally employed shall be confiscated. At last the jest is finished—the jest concerning toy swords and wooden guns. These wooden guns are now so dangerous and deadly that a proclamation of the King is called for, and punctiliously obeyed. It is a momentous step; yet not a single Minister has spoken of it on the platform; excused it or explained it. Mr. Asquith has spoken twice since the Proclamation was drawn up. Why has he said nothing of this one practical contribution of the Cabinet to the problem of Ulster?

This move of the Government should, at any rate, bring home two things to the minds of English electors; first, how serious the position in Ulster really is, how near we are to the actual shooting; second, how uneasy the Government begin to feel as to their power of dealing with the position unaided. The fact that no traveller can now proceed from England into Ireland without having his personal luggage opened and ransacked for possible steel and gunpowder, will bring the

crisis home to many whom no words have yet succeeded in convincing. Is this Mr. Asquith's device for bringing the position home to his own supporters?

We wonder whether the Prime Minister's memory has been slightly refreshed by someone, or by something he has seen in print, since he spoke lately about how the 1906 election was won by his side. We wonder, because we see he admitted on Saturday that it was "mainly" won on Free Trade. Yet we notice he carefully refrained from going closer into the causes of his victory than that—not a word, of course, about the chains and the Chinese slaves that were displayed on posters to the rustical gaze all over the South of England—not a word about, perhaps, the most brazen of all electioneering falsehoods!

The land vote-catchers have forced the Prime Minister's hand—they have forced him to declare for a minimum wage. This was the really vital point in his speech at the National Liberal Club on Tuesday night. The rest was by comparison unimportant, for his promise of a new Ministry of Lands will not affect a single farm worker's vote, nor will the talk about "adequate security" for the farmer have the least effect on the farmer's vote; it is the usual Radical fudge, as any farmer worth the name well knows. The bait is the minimum wage.

Against the next election Mr. Asquith's electioneers will now get out something which they reckon will beat, for vote-catching purposes, even Chinese slaves. There is not the faintest shadow of doubt that, after Mr. Asquith's speech, many of his electioneers will go to the country with the minimum wage—a pound a week for every farm worker. It does not in the least matter whether the leaders hold back or not, the pound a week bait will be dangled before the agricultural labourers all over the South and East of England. The result will be grave in not a few seats now held by Unionists—and held by large majorities—unless we are prepared well beforehand with a complete, scientific exposure of the thing. Our people will have to persuade the rustical mind that the whole proposal is "a plant". They will have to arouse the suspicions of the farm workers, and never let these suspicions sleep. The ninepence for fourpence swindle, for example, should constantly be kept before the workers.

We are not going to pretend that the figures at Wick are good; nor shall we try to explain them away. Nothing is more useless and nothing in politics more stupid than juggling with the figures when your side has not won or when—as has happened again and again within the last year or two to the Government side—your side has only scraped in by a greatly reduced majority. Wick is an out and out "Keltic fringe" seat, an extremely old-fashioned Radical seat—in fact, a regular fossil. We cannot hope to do much with a kind of political antediluvian in Ultima Thule.

The Government's love of bureaucracy has been condemned by their own Lord President. "Who that has watched democracy at close quarters will deny that it is in fact more cumbrous, dilatory, and depressing for a people's political energy—and not any less so to those who work it—than that discussion in a representative assembly, which is the salutary substitute"? These words are from Lord Morley, in his recently-published "Notes on Politics and History". He gives them no particular application, but they show clearly the gulf between the old Liberalism and the new. Lord Morley believes in Parliamentary government. Mr. Lloyd George sets up Commissioners everywhere.

The French Cabinet has moved decisively towards the Left. It includes in M. Viviani a complete Socialist, and in M. Monis a Radical ex-Premier. The new Prime Minister, M. Doumergue, is described for us by M. Clemenceau as a man of placid character "in whose

soul I cannot discover any sanguinary fury"; but in his quiet way M. Doumergue is a Radical and an anticleric. M. Viviani is one of those who "with a geste magnifique" have "extinguished in heaven lights which will never be relit". Probably he will not be allowed furiously to harry the French Church. The Government have their hands too full to take up just now the great and blessed "work of irreligion". The three really important people so long as this Ministry lasts are M. Clemenceau, who holds the wires; M. Caillaux, who tumbled the late Government to the ground; and M. Jaurès, whose votes will be necessary now that all sound Republicans are potentially of the Opposition.

The really important question is how this change of Government will affect foreign policy and the three years' military service. The Radical wing calls for a gradual reversion from three years' service to two; but with M. Caillaux in the Cabinet and M. Clemenceau pulling the strings this gradual reversion will have no practical effect upon the conduct of the present Ministry. The three years' service Bill is law—an accomplished fact to be administered without political bias. This triumph of the Radicals has come too late to be of much practical use to them beyond giving them an opportunity of "making the elections" in May of next year.

M. Clemenceau is a strong man, but his turbulent past has made it very difficult for him to take a prominent position either as President of the Republic or as Prime Minister. He has therefore become the maker and destroyer of Cabinets. In this respect he often finds himself in a difficult position and unable to decide whose Cabinet will best serve his purpose and carry out his destructive policy: "I have to choose between Caillaux, who thinks he is Napoleon, and Briand, who thinks himself the Almighty", he was heard to say.

Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg again met the Reichstag on Tuesday. He was heard in deep silence in an explanation of Germany's foreign policy. The Emperor's decision virtually to punish the officers at Zabern saves the position for a time, at any rate. The Chancellor's speech this week tells us little. That Germany is in friendly conference with the Triple Entente without feeling less the bond of the Triple Alliance is not news. The tone of his speech was extremely friendly towards Great Britain—almost cordial.

Mr. Harcourt has not moved in the Indo-South African problem. But the Union Government have appointed a Commission of Enquiry into Indian grievances. It would do well to recognise at the outset that Indian labour has made Natal, that Indian grievances were few before the war but have increased since the Union, and that the claims of Indians in South Africa do not strike outsiders as excessive. "South Africa a white man's country", is a good cry, but it is not politics. There are four blacks to every white. On the top of this the white South Africans introduced Indians for their profit, and allowed them to settle before the cry was heard of. The present generation has to pay for this.

The position of Asiatic labour in British Columbia is altogether different. There may be a sound case for keeping a man out of a country when he is not wanted, but none for irritating him when you have invited him to come in and allowed him to settle. British Columbia would have no right to persecute the Asiatics in the province, but a perfect right to keep more from coming in.

The full extent of Mr. Larkin's failure in England—a failure which began to be clear during the first week of his mission—is now accurately measured. The English labour leaders have met and censured Mr. Larkin without reserve. Mr. Larkin's latest achievement was especially noted as "wicked and disloyal". Let us realise what precisely Mr. Larkin had done.

Last week a deputation of English trade unionists went to Dublin to try to arrange a settlement there between masters and men. Mr. Larkin agreed and consented to this; but no sooner had the deputation started than he sent to his followers in Dublin a telegram whose effect was to encourage resistance to the deputation's efforts for peace. This is Mr. Larkin's idea of straight policy and straight dealing.

The English labour leaders, though they have condemned Mr. Larkin outright, have decided to continue helping the strikers in Dublin with money and food. This does not mean that they approve of sympathetic strikes and tearing up contracts. They have, on the contrary, voted the sympathetic strike unwise and impracticable. One of the railway leaders pointed out that if the principle of tainted goods was accepted by English trade unions, the railwaymen would rarely, if ever, be in work. This English money and food for Dublin is not a vote in favour of the principles of the Irish transport workers, though logically it would seem to be. It is an expression of sympathy for hungry men and women fighting for better conditions.

Mr. J. H. Thomas gave an interesting account at this meeting of labour leaders of the way in which he had handled the strike in Wales. Mr. Thomas is the most notoriously abused of all those who have been attacked by Mr. Larkin, but Mr. Thomas is able to keep his temper. His references to Mr. Larkin were civil and fair. Mr. Thomas describes the Welsh strike of last week as a "disgrace to the trade union movement"—a view very forcibly expressed a week ago in this Review. Mr. Thomas went down on a difficult mission. He had to tell the men they had made a mistake, and that they must get back to work. That the men obeyed him is distinctly encouraging. It looks as if the discipline of trade unions may some day be restored.

Field sports (fox hunting above all) are a great feature, a very old, characteristic and excellent feature, of life in England. They are wrought into our island character. So that the gay and delightful sixtieth anniversary dinner of the *Field* on Wednesday was truly national: a typical good English occasion out and out, with its rousing toasts of "The King"—given with a John Bull roar of unmistakable patriotism—and its fox hunting speeches and songs. We felicitate our fine old full-blooded friend—and, we rather fancy, our Tory friend to boot!—the *Field*. We felicitate its high spirited, zealous editor and staff. Bravo the *Field* is very much like saying Bravo England.

We take this chance to refer to the letters that are printed under "Correspondence" this week on fox-hunting. We hate and condemn giving unnecessary pain to animals in any way; and our experience is that English sportsmen—fox-hunters and shooting men alike—are quite as anxious to avoid giving unnecessary pain as are people who do not engage in field sports at all. Our experience is they are on the whole quite humane men; and we have seen countless illustrations of this in field sport. We are sorry to say that too often the stories against hunting, shooting and fishing suggest the un-English note of spite, of spite and sentimentalism—those two unpleasant half-sisters. We do not think the fox-hunting parson is a bad character: on the contrary, we have often found him to be a good man and true. Whilst, as for the Archbishop of York, everyone who has followed his splendid career from his Oxford days knows him for a man of noble aim and honour.

For pure cynical effrontery it would be hard to beat Mr. Harcourt's jest at the National Liberal Club the other day. Amidst the joyous cheers of the anti-game, anti-landlord Radicals he vowed he had the greatest antipathy to game—and had been destroying it busily on his estates during the last few weeks!

Everybody must recognise that it is not humanly possible for a Radical placed as Mr. Harcourt is to be severely consistent; it is not in mortals to command consistency in such a position. But to make light in public of one's inconsistency, to invite the public to jest with one about it, is going far indeed.

When the American Ambassador tells us—in some degree at least seriously—that better English is spoken in America than in England, it really is a little too much. At the Savage Club dinner this week he said, "On our side of the Atlantic we speak English better than you do, and more of it"! The Americans are a people (or air a people) that, as Charles Dickens told them, like to be "cracked up". They are rich. They are—or seem to be—confident of themselves. They excel at the business of games. They make things "hum". But it is absurd to pretend they speak good English.

Their English and their spelling of English—which we are sorry to say is imitated by English writers who should know better—are most unpleasant. Their twang is sometimes so. Nor is American literature of much account. The Americans, it is true, have had Emerson and Walt Whitman, two great and original writers and thinkers, and they have had Hawthorne. Bret Harte, too, counts in a smaller way, whilst William Cullen Bryant wrote a wonderful little poem, "To a Waterfowl". But the list of their writers of genius, or even high talents, is painfully restricted.

Dr. Georges Brandes, who has been talking to us in England of Shakespeare and Nietzsche, is a critic in the grand or universal manner. The literature of Europe is his field. He has a true sense of proportion. He speaks always with authority, because he is not a specialist in the literature and thought of any particular small group, but a critic who has widely read all that is best in the literature of Europe. He does not forget, in estimating the worth of contemporary and ephemeral literature, that this literature has to be weighed against the style and wisdom of immortal genius. Dr. Brandes is not the sort of critic who spends himself in superlatives upon clever contemporaries. If one hails each successful book or play of the year as a work of genius, what are we to say of Macbeth or Alceste? English criticism to-day sadly needs a lesson from Dr. Brandes—a lesson in the art of estimating real as opposed to market value.

The surprise of Dr. Brandes that the English playgoer does not know Shakespeare by heart is possibly less innocent than it seems. "I have seen Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree as Falstaff", he told an interviewer on his arrival in England. "What astonished me was that the programme that was given to the public contained so much about the play. I believed that little children in school knew their Shakespeare, and I asked a gentleman who sat next to me at the theatre whether this introduction to the play was for children. He answered me, 'Not at all; it is for the English public'. And I was astonished. To most of the public the play appeared to be quite new. So genuine was the laughter that I believe that they then heard the wit of Falstaff for the first time". Dr. Brandes, by the way, speaks excellent English, though his Danish accent sometimes makes it a little difficult to follow.

English people, the mass of educated English people, do not much care about English literature. They prefer the second rate—in their poetry, in their drama, in their criticism, in their fiction. This is such a well-known, absolutely established fact that it is absurd to try to hide it away in shame. But at least they can sometimes pay a right compliment to a great foreign man of letters. Thanks to Lord Redesdale and Mr. John Lane, M. Anatole France—a supremist in irony and style—was honoured in London on Wednesday night. We should have been disgraced had we let him come and go unrecognised.

LEADING ARTICLES.

MR. ASQUITH'S SUBTLETY.

THERE is a disposition to believe the Government are content to let the Home Rule question drift to the very verge of civil war without offering any settlement which it would be possible for the Opposition to accept. We are convinced that this view is wrong—we must be prepared for greater subtlety! Mr. Asquith is not the man to let things drift indefinitely. We do not believe that any statesman, far less one of Mr. Asquith's ability and experience, would run so grave a risk. Recalling his dexterity during the crisis of the Parliament Bill, we may be certain that his present attitude has been deliberately assumed with an eye to the future. It is part of a general scheme. His pretended ignorance of the views of the Opposition leaders deceives no one. It is the party game. Mr. Asquith does not need to be told that there are certain limits of concession beyond which the leaders of the Unionist party cannot be induced to give way. The exclusion of Ulster is one of them. Mr. Asquith may talk of adhering to the principles of the Bill, but he knows that Ulster will not give in. He is playing a difficult part, and playing it well. He has hinted that in the last resort he will drive the Home Rule Bill through under the Parliament Act—that he is prepared to put down the resistance of Ulster by force. But he does not mean it. Mr. Asquith is anxious to see the Home Rule question settled by agreement. He knows that it *must* be got out of the way if the Government are to remain in office after the next election. The Government dare not go to the country with the Home Rule question still unsettled. Home Rule may serve as an excuse for having done nothing in the past, but the Cabinet will not face another election with the certainty that if they were returned dependent on the Irish vote Home Rule must prevent them doing anything in the future.

Still less does the Government dare to face a General Election with Ulster in a state of civil war. Mr. Asquith must settle—if he can. It is imperative in the interests of the Liberal party. His speeches at Ladybank, at Leeds, and at Manchester, while they differ in tone, are alike in being obscure. What is the reason for this obscurity? Why instead of "full steam ahead" is the vessel groping in the fog? Mr. Asquith himself gave the explanation at Manchester. Patience is necessary. But not for the reason that is generally supposed. The leaders of the Opposition have expressed their readiness to hear anything that Mr. Asquith has to say. Sir Edward Carson says, "Put your proposal in black and white and we will consider it". Mr. Asquith cannot—not yet. He intends to give way, but—quite apart from Mr. Redmond and the Nationalist vote—he is not yet in a position to offer terms. His difficulty is not to ascertain the views of the Opposition. It is to bring the rank and file of the Liberal party to recognise the gravity of the position; and, having recognised it, to deal with it in the only possible way—by agreement. The Cabinet know they are faced with a crisis the danger of which it is impossible to exaggerate. But during the last two years their followers have been encouraged to scoff at the wooden swords and dummy rifles of Ulster. They have been taught by their leaders that Ulster is bluffing, and they believe it. They must be taught otherwise, and Mr. Asquith has to be patient while they are learning their lesson. Before Mr. Asquith can offer compromise he must teach his own supporters that compromise is necessary. They must be made to realise that we are in face of the gravest crisis since the abdication of James II. They are being educated, and the process takes time. That is why Mr. Asquith is compelled to hide his intentions in a mist of fine phrases. For the same reason the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Westminster Gazette", the responsible organs of the party, have developed a spirit of sweet reasonableness. They have abandoned the doctrine that Ulster is bluffing. In doing so they are acting under orders from headquarters. The Liberal halfpenny Press will

follow their example as soon as their readers are in a more receptive mood. Mr. Massingham has already given a lead. For the same reason we suspect that the Proclamation of Arms is not so much intended to prevent the importation of rifles into Ulster as to impress the wild men of the Liberal party with the gravity of the position. Since the Ulster Volunteer Force have nearly all the arms they require, the proclamation can serve no other purpose. This explanation is borne out by the futile precaution of examining the luggage of passengers at Belfast. The Cabinet are not so ignorant of the science of gun-running that they seriously believe the Ulster Unionist Council would adopt this method of importing arms. The arming of 100,000 men requires other means than the introduction of rifles, half a dozen at a time, in passengers' luggage.

On the other hand, the organisers of the Liberal party are alive to the necessity for supplying "copy" to the newspapers, if they wish to advertise the fact that Ulster means business. They have got to make it known that the era of "dummy rifles" is at an end. The Customs examination of luggage—farce though it be—serves their purpose. The Liberal rank and file still believe that Ulster is bluffing. They must unlearn their lesson before Mr. Asquith can see his way clear to make any offer which would appease the Opposition without estranging his own followers. Mr. Asquith desires a compromise; but the Liberal rank and file have yet to be convinced that compromise is the only way. If Mr. Asquith were outright to declare for compromise, he would at once provoke outcry and disaffection among his supporters. These supporters must be convinced that Ulster is thoroughly in earnest and that the consequences to themselves of persisting to force Home Rule upon Ulster will be disastrous. Mr. Asquith has accurately measured the stupidity of his party. He knows to the full how difficult it is to bring home to them the gravity and intense reality of the Ulster problem. He is waiting for them to realise for themselves how grievous this problem is. He is waiting for the resistance in Ulster to develop until the intentions of Ulster cannot be ignored. Ulster unmissably in arms and in earnest is the only conclusive argument he can bring to bear upon men who are wilfully refusing to face the facts. Mr. Asquith knows that his party will only allow him to compromise and offer peace if it can be clearly proved that the only alternative to peace is not, as they fondly imagine, a little passive resistance or ill-feeling, but civil war, outright and declared.

Whether Mr. Redmond and his party will agree with the concessions which Mr. Asquith intends to make is another story. He has lately been in Ireland and is no doubt trying to persuade the extremists of his party that half a loaf is better than no bread. Whether he will be successful remains to be seen. Mr. Redmond has to deal with Mr. Devlin in much the same way that Mr. Asquith has to deal with the unimaginative men of his own party, though the analogy is not, of course, complete. The position is roughly this. The country wants the Home Rule question settled permanently. Mr. Asquith knows that for their own sakes the Liberal party must somehow contrive to do this. He also knows that he has yet to convince the rank and file of his party that this is so. Meantime the Unionists can only wait till Mr. Asquith has succeeded. There is, of course, a flaw in Mr. Asquith's plan. It was indicated in Mr. Bonar Law's speech at Carnarvon on Thursday. Mr. Asquith must wait for his party; but the position does not wait for Mr. Asquith. The chances of a settlement are smaller now than they were six weeks ago.

THE INCIDENCE OF TAXATION.

MR. ASQUITH, in his Oldham speech, threw out a casual hint that the time had come "for a complete re-examination, both downwards and upwards, of the whole system of Income Tax exemption, abatement, and graduation". There is nothing very new in such an examination; for the system of taxing

incomes has already been revised eight times between 1842 and 1909. In that year there came into effect a new principle of which we are likely to hear considerably more in the future, the principle that large incomes should pay the ordinary tax, plus a super-tax. It has been stated that the Government is considering the advisability of lowering the exemption limit from £160 to £120; but there are two factors which make it difficult at present to criticise such a proposal definitely. In the first place, we have not yet been made aware of the scale of graduation which it is thought desirable to adopt; and, in the second place, even if we knew it, our national statistics are in such a chaotic state that it would be almost impossible to say with certainty how much would accrue to the Chancellor of the Exchequer if we knew what his new scale was to be.

This income tax question, however, is coupled with another, not merely in the minds of Cabinet Ministers, but in the rather more perturbed minds of economists. It is not due to a mere coincidence that Mr. Asquith should have made this reference to income tax very soon after one of Mr. Lloyd George's "land bursting" speeches and just before he himself spoke at the National Liberal Club on the subject of land. There is a definite belief in the Liberal party that land can bear more taxation—a good deal more and not merely a little more—that the landlord ought to be penalised to a greater extent, and that the money which is wanted for the cost of the further social reforms referred to by the Prime Minister in a recent speech should come out of the pockets of anybody but the large capitalists. Let us see whether there is any justification for this attitude.

Of the estimated amount of £90,000,000 paid in rent in the United Kingdom every year, the net rental from agricultural lands is only £17,500,000. The rents from business establishments and private houses amount to very nearly £60,000,000. Yet the extent of agricultural land in the United Kingdom is about 77,000,000 acres, and the towns, which are financially so much more valuable, occupy only a tiny fraction of land in comparison. Again, the net profits accruing from the occupation of lands in the financial year 1910-11 amounted to only £4,000,000 (a liberal estimate), and in the same period the net profits from businesses, professions, etc., excluding railways, amounted to £425,000,000. The gross assessment of agricultural lands in 1908-9—the year before the famous Budget—was £52,000,000; thirty-five years previously the same area was assessed at £67,000,000.

Figures are burdensome; but these are eloquent enough. If such statistical data as the Blue Books and other publications afford are examined, it will be found that the national income has steadily risen year by year, but that the real income of the farming community, taken by itself, has shown a constant tendency to become smaller and smaller. We are continually reminded by Mr. Lloyd George and his followers that thousands of farm labourers in this country are so ill paid that they cannot afford an economic rent for their cottages. We are much less often reminded, however, that there are also thousands of farmers in this country whose profits are so small that they cannot afford to pay an economic rent to the landowner.

This raises a question of the very greatest importance in the modern economic condition of this country. The large capitalist class, the class which exhibits the greatest resentment against the income tax, is the very class that can best afford to pay it. Really, it is a very simple matter for large employers of labour to manipulate prices when they find themselves threatened by the Exchequer. Practically every large firm in this country has made a good thing out of the Insurance Act. The employer's contribution of 3d. has been much more than covered by the steady rise in prices that followed the application of the Act. It is, on the other hand, quite impossible for the farmer or the landowner to manipulate the prices of his produce. He is handicapped, in the first place by Free Trade, which allows his foreign competitor to undersell him, and he

is handicapped in the second place by the preposterously high freight rates charged by our railways.

Surely the plan of the Government is thus seen to be almost starkly simple in its ferocious penalising of the land. Does anyone imagine that large manufacturers and ardent supporters of the Liberal Government like Sir William Lever, Sir Alfred Mond, and Sir John Brunner, or great engineers like Lord Cowdray, of the firm of Pearson, or large coal owners like Mr. D. A. Thomas, will suffer in any way from the super-tax? They will hardly be affected at all. The public will pay more for its chemicals, its soap, its coal, its Dundee jam, and its machinery; but the relatively small amount of the super-tax will be lost in the inflated profits.

Not such is the case of the farmer or the landowner. As the average income of the English farmer, indeed, is only £60 a year, he will not be affected either by the normal income tax or the super-tax, but he will be affected by the rise in prices and the lowering of his already small profits. The landowner may draw what at first sight appears to be a large income from his estates, but this income, in proportion to the capital sunk in land, is trifling compared to the return which would have accrued to the landowner if he had put his money into potash.

The whole question of the incidence of taxation is one which will have to be examined very thoroughly indeed before the Conservative Party gives its approval to any scheme proposed by the Liberal Government. Even with the present abatements, the landowners and the large farmers feel the weight of the income tax much more severely than the manufacturers, for the reason stated above—viz., that they cannot manipulate their prices as the manufacturers can when they find themselves threatened with additional expenditure. It must never be overlooked that the average return yielded by the land of this country to the capital sunk in it is less than 3 per cent. No business man would look at such a small profit. Yet the enormous profits of industrial concerns can be, and are, continually inflated, whereas the farmer and the landowner see their profits altering only for the worse.

There is no doubt that a system of co-operation, such as Sir Horace Plunkett and his colleagues have so successfully carried out in Ireland, would be of great assistance here, but in Ireland this system of co-operation benefits chiefly the farmer, who is now, in most cases, the owner of his land and not the labourer. The logical conclusion of Mr. Lloyd George's land speeches would appear to be the formation of a vast system of agricultural trusts, through the operations of which both the farmer and the labourer would suffer, while the owners of the soil would be gradually elbowed out by the judicial bureaucrats under the control of the Minister of Land.

THE LABOUR WAR.

THE English trade unions have rejected Mr. Larkin. Mr. Birrell's hero is henceforth a political Ishmael—for Liberals hasten to disown a man when he is down. But the disappearance of the man does not necessarily involve the disappearance of his doctrine.

The struggle between orderly and disorderly trade unionism has been extremely interesting. On the one hand were bodies of organised working-men with a policy, a tradition, and a conservative outlook of their own; on the whole fairly well paid and living in decent conditions, a kind of aristocracy or middle class of labour. Enter to them a body of ill-paid Irish workers, with a demand for (a) better wages, (b) better conditions, (c) recognition. In that stage of the affair Mr. Larkin was absolute in Dublin, and a person of no importance in England. Now the English working-man has no great belief in the theoretical unity of labour, but he has a practical dislike of starvation. The starving women and children of Dublin stirred him more than the doctrines of his fellows. He paid up, and he cheered Mr. Larkin—of whose existence he really

became aware after Mr. Birrell "produced" him from prison—when Mr. Larkin came over and talked of starving women and children in Dublin. His sympathy was a sound human instinct, like that of the English with the French emigrés or the citizens of Paris in the siege of 1870. But as in those two parallel cases, it was a general instinct that took no particular count of the rights or wrongs of the dispute.

So far Mr. Larkin was on firm ground. Circumstances had made him a power. He believed himself omnipotent, and he expressed contempt for the steady-going English trade unionists. He did not realise their reserve of industrial stability, their lack of political power, and when he attempted to rush their resistance he was defeated. When he cried that his people were starving they gave him money; but when he asked them to strike in sympathy they refused. Tearing up contracts may do in Ireland; it will not do in England. That was the lesson of the Trade Union Congress this week, which gave Mr. Larkin his quietus. The answer to Mr. Larkin's wild rhetoric of a fiery cross was given by Mr. Williams, of the Railwaymen's Union, who said truly that if sympathetic strikes were to become the policy of the unions there would never be a time when the members of his union were not affected by some dispute in some part of the country. Mr. Williams is an ordinary sensible man, who would never inspire his followers to enthusiasm; Mr. Larkin is a rather extraordinary man, who can on occasion do it. But Mr. Williams has a level head and the level heads have carried the day.

The English trade unionists have done well this week. They have shown a sense of responsibility which the country will quickly recognise; they have proved themselves practical men of affairs, not wild agitators. It may be lack of imagination, it may be high courage, it may even be high industrial statesmanship, or a mixture of all three, which has kept them from endorsing Larkinism; but at least it must go to their credit that they have not followed the line of least resistance. They have ballast. If the country is preserved from industrial war, it has the English trade unionists and not the Cabinet to thank.

Employers would do well to recognise this responsibility on the part of trade unionists. There is in some quarters a tendency to laugh at trade unions, a tendency which springs naturally from the futility of the Labour Party in Parliament but which is nevertheless a grave mistake. Labour has stultified itself in the House of Commons, but it has no intention of doing so in the country. Politically the trade unions are inexperienced, and have made two mistakes: their machinery has been rushed by Socialists, their Members of Parliament have been rushed by Liberals. But the working-man is not necessarily either a Socialist or a Liberal. He resents being rushed; and while Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has his eye on the seat in the Cabinet to which some Liberals would elevate him, the working-man has no such interest in his titular leader's advancement. Labour in politics is a poor thing, a very ordinary stock which pays no dividends although its directors take their fees. But in its own field it must have a future, if its energies are sensibly directed, if it attends to the things which matter. It does not matter very much if there is a Ministry of Labour, and it matters still less if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is that Minister. In any case his vote is at the Government's service; his lips may speak Labour, but his legs will walk into the Government lobby. But it matters a good deal to working-men that their wages should be paid; that their hours of labour should be reasonable; their conditions of life tolerable; and their employment, so far as may be, permanent.

As to the last point the trade union leaders and the employers are at one. Tearing up contracts ruins the working-man's security as well as the employer's ability to carry on his business; on this point the agreement between capital and labour is in no serious danger. The question of hours is only pressing in sweated industries, and it is just in those industries that the decent employer and the trade unionist are not usually

found. There remain the old question of wages and the new question of conditions. Here are admitted grievances.

Real wages have declined steadily for more than ten years; the cost of provisions has gone up ten per cent. or more, taxes are up—the Insurance Act is a steady drain—and rents are going up, thanks to the Budget of 1909, which stopped building and increased the housing difficulty. At this time, when the working-classes are demanding better conditions of life, they find the conditions getting worse. Hence unrest, strikes, and a disposition to resort to any method, whether it calls itself Syndicalism or Socialism, which promises improvement, as one resorts to a quack when the family doctor has failed.

There is nothing unreasonable in the demand for better conditions, which in the long run means more wages and, in its latest aspect, a voice in the business. This latest aspect of labour unrest is indeed in some respects its most hopeful aspect, for it might, with sympathy on either side, lead to co-operation between masters and men. It is for this reason that avowed Socialists, intent on the class-war as a plan of campaign, oppose it; co-operation turns their flank. But neither employer nor employed has anything to fear from good relations. Higher wages is another thing. Co-operation implies sympathy and a round table or the right of entry to the board-room; higher wages carries with it speeding-up, "too old at forty", and all manner of unpleasant possibilities. But many employers, and those among the best, recognise that good wages pay and co-operation solves many troubles. It is for working-men and their leaders to look frankly at the obverse side of the higher wages question. And it is for both sides to recognise that if things are what they are, they are not what they have been. Larkinism, which sprang from starvation, leads back to starvation. We want none of that in England, and such examples as we have seen of it—among the Glasgow boiler-makers, for instance—does not encourage a repetition. It is these things which have made some employers despair of agreement with labour, but it is also precisely these things against which responsible trade unionists have set their face. Employers should recognise that fact, when weighing the case for and against trade unionism; they should also remember that it is better to concede as an act of grace or considered polity what may later be wrung from them after a fight. But to realise that requires sympathy—precisely what is most urgently needed in the industrial conflicts of to-day.

THE NEW FRENCH CABINET.

THE new French Ministry is an ingenious political mosaic, whose composition is a tribute to the talents of the wirepullers. The problem was somehow to reconcile four more or less contradictory shades of opinion. First there was M. Clemenceau, the most dangerous political opponent in France, who now stands for a rather reactionary type of Radicalism. Next came the main group of the disaffected—Radicals for the most part, who want to do something, but on the old lines, and who have lately made M. Caillaux their spokesman. With them, or after them, stood the extreme Socialist group under M. Jaurès. Lastly, there were the progressive Radicals, whose Parliamentary leader is M. Briand, but whose real chief is at the Elysée. We believe that this last party has rendered conspicuous services to France. It has given to the nation a patriotic lead, now happily embodied in the new Army Bill, and there are many disinterested well-wishers of the Republics who would fain have seen it control the next election. All these parties, the last of them no less than the others, are duly represented in the Doumergue Ministry.

As the new Cabinet may perhaps stay in office till the elections, just because it stands for nothing in particular, it is especially noteworthy that, though its formation is a set-back for the Progressives, the President has succeeded in taking the sting out of the com-

bination against him. The Premier himself is one of M. Briand's young men, though he has lately rather moved away from his old chief; and his success in forming a Ministry is really evidence of the power of M. Poincaré. He is probably the only man acceptable to the Radical-Socialist alliance with whom the President can work without loss of dignity. A further and most important concession to the Progressives is the inclusion of M. Maginot, a young deputy who has lately been acting—to use the terms of our politics—as Briandist whip.

Nevertheless the chief honours undoubtedly rest with the Caillaux-Jaurès coalition. M. Caillaux, as the author of the intrigue that turned out the late Ministry, is himself included in its successor. As we suggested last week, he has been entrusted with the Department of Finance, where there is plenty of work to his hand. The French Budgetary system does far more to prevent the evolution of a fine political consciousness in French domestic politics than any of the *mares stagnantes* which M. Briand has denounced; and if M. Caillaux has the power, as he certainly has the knowledge, to transform it he will earn the thanks of all good Frenchmen. A few nonentities, of whom M. Monis is the least inconspicuous, also represent the Radical wing of the coalition. The Socialist group has been cleverly placated by the appointment to the Ministry of Labour of M. Metin, a keen Socialist of a purely academic type, and, as such, naturally dear to M. Jaurès' professional heart. Finally, the Ministry has been formed under the immediate patronage of M. Clemenceau, and M. Viviani—a man who has still to live up to his friends' opinion of him—is there to look after his interests. We can only repeat that the combination is a work of art, but we fear its texture is too delicate to stand the buffeting that are the lot of French Ministries as election time draws near.

Meanwhile, as the election is still four months ahead, what is the Ministry going to do? It is going to mark time. It is certainly not going to carry the Progressive policy of electoral reform a step further forward. On the other hand, it is not going to undo the work of the Barthou Cabinet in passing the Three Years Service Bill. Not only does M. Clemenceau approve of the measure, but the majority of the members of the new Ministry voted for it. The idea is to administer the Bill, but not so vigorously as to stir up tempests on the Extreme Left, and that is why a nonentity has been sent to the War Office. Nor, we fear, is anything heroic likely to be done in the way of finance. Budget reform is an even more delicate matter than electoral reform. Public opinion is uncertain, the two Houses do not see eye to eye, and a Ministry of compromise, whose only aim is to outlive a moribund Parliament, is sure to see to it that a sufficiently garrulous Committee is appointed to discuss any project which the ingenious M. Caillaux may draw up.

The average Frenchman, while tolerably indifferent to the manoeuvres of parties in domestic questions, watches foreign affairs with a vigilant intelligence that the average Englishman would do well to imitate. Of all the representative bodies in Europe, the French Chamber is probably the best informed about foreign policy, as our own House of Commons is probably the worst. It was a mistake in foreign policy that drove M. Caillaux from office—a double mistake, for not only did he attempt the dangerous task of negotiating an understanding with Germany, but he carried on his conversations behind the back of the man of straw whom he had made his Foreign Minister. The new Premier has given the President guarantees against a repetition of these tactics by taking the foreign portfolio himself. As he will be kept busy managing the Chamber, the real work must fall into the hands of the permanent officials, with whom M. Poincaré is, of course, in close touch.

But without attributing any Machiavellian design to the head of the State, we may suggest that M. Caillaux will be allowed to touch foreign politics. France is at present conducting negotiations with Germany

with a view to the determination of the two Powers' spheres of economic influence in Asiatic Turkey. This was among the questions that M. Caillaux handled during his Premiership, and his previous experience may now be of some value. We know that the general lines of the proposed arrangement are settled, and that ultimate questions are not to be raised. The matter at issue is largely a financial matter, and here M. Caillaux's technical knowledge and general sympathy with German aims may be used to the advantage of France. It is significant that his Press is busy correcting what it describes as the legend—though it is really a valid inference from his previous conduct—that he is no believer in the *entente* with Britain. All this means is that the conversations with Germany have now been so narrowly defined that M. Caillaux can apply his ideas without getting into mischief.

This may not be a very satisfactory state of affairs, and we should ourselves deplore it if we thought it represented the settled convictions of the French public. But neither the composition of the Cabinet nor the circumstances in which it takes office enable us to regard it very seriously. It must be remembered first that the government of the Republic must be carried on, and, secondly, that in a country where so many contradictory political theories find expression, any principle of government is in frequent need of the stimulus of popular backing. This Ministry exists to keep life in an agglomerate of Republican notions for a few weeks until the necessary stimulus can be applied—and it is just about good enough for its work.

BOXERS AND CROAKERS.

"WE are no longer a nation", wrote Lord Chesterfield in the fifties of the eighteenth century. The calm and polished dictator of *ton* was misled by one of those unreasonable bursts of pessimism to which the English people have always been liable—a pessimism that has no relation to humility and never disturbs the firm and rational conviction that they are the salt of the earth. Browne's "Estimate" had just appeared—one of the most curious books in the language, the work of a despairing parson who ended by destroying himself. The "Estimate" proved quite satisfactorily that the British race were cowards and slaves, sunk in "vain, luxurious and selfish effeminacy", and doomed to subjugation at the hands of the first virile people who cared to attempt the task. Things have not changed much in a century and a half. The public bought the book eagerly, admitted that it was all true, and really enjoyed the contemplation of their own supposed degeneracy. Browne published his book in 1756. A year after the fate of India was decided at Plassey, and three years later Canada was won on the Heights of Abraham.

To-day the croakers are quite as willing to convince us that Carpentier's defeat of Wells is one more proof of national decay; and the public, with that passion for self-abasement which is really an inverted pride, pretends to believe them. A perfect cataract of nonsense has deluged the daily press during the last few days. Of course, the young Frenchman's victory proves nothing to the detriment of British boxing or to the credit of those "American methods" which are extolled as the summit of fistic wisdom. Wells went down because he was in a funk when he met Carpentier. The funk had nothing to do with cowardice, any more than an actor's stage fright is a proof of poltroonery. The man was simply not himself—nervous, overwrought, mastered by too acute a sense of a great occasion—and he was beaten, as a greater artist might have been, before he recovered himself. Naturally, it would have been more soothing to our national pride if Wells had proved the tenacious, bulldog, glacial Briton of legend, and Carpentier the excitable, touch-and-go Frenchman of legend; but qualities are not distributed quite on that simple plan, and we have to put up with the not very astonishing fact that an Englishman may lose his head while a

Frenchman keeps his. Let all due credit be given to the victor, who made the very best use of his chances, and won like the gallant representative of a gallant nation; but let there be also a truce to the nonsense about slackening of national fibre and "Ichabod" for British boxing.

It is, of course, the people who know nothing about the matter who talk most confidently about our deterioration in manly sport. An Italian pastrycook, training on spaghetti and Chianti, wins a Marathon race, and they wail for Britain's departed manhood. An English polo team meets defeat in America, and the cry goes up for "up-to-date methods". A lawn tennis championship leaves the country, and treatises are written on the vices of the English service, and our absurd ignorance of "swerve", and such-like. A French victory is specially disturbing, because we have not even yet lost the Hogarth "Calais Gate" idea of French physique, except that our modern notion of a Frenchman is a fat man rather than an "anatomie vivante". It was nothing that for ages the upper-class Frenchman had been a bold rider, a hard player at tennis, and the best all-round swordsman in Europe. He did not understand cricket; he even wrote of "deux espèces de cricketers: les batters et les bowlers"; and he was believed to be constitutionally unable to use his fists. That was a special gift of the Anglo-Saxon race. Now we know that Frenchmen can box when they give their minds to it, and the revelation hurts the man in the street, who is probably not much of a boxer himself. The Englishman who really does know how to use his fists is not at all disturbed. He is perfectly aware that there are more boxers in England, more good boxers, and more of the best boxers than in any other country; and he accepts with considerable philosophy the result of a test of which he knows the real value.

Unfortunately it is not the Englishman who rides, or shoots, or boxes, or plays polo who has most say in these matters. The crowd understands nothing but success, and every failure in an international contest is a fresh excuse for "new methods"—or, in plain English, more money, for that is what the new methods amount to. This week we see an Italian has "signed on" for a British football team; another club has a Danish half-back; and yet another has put its trust in an Egyptian forward. A first-class Association team is as much an ethnological museum as the fore-castle of a tramp steamer. Things have not quite reached that stage in other departments of sport; but if avarice for victory at any price is to regulate our tactics, more or less naked professionalism is inevitable. It is no question of stupid conservatism. If our pupils furnish us with new and valuable hints, by all means let us adopt them. It is as unreasonable to take up the attitude that pugilism stopped short with Sayers as to ignore the discoveries of Pasteur. Traditional methods must give way on good reason shown. The real point is whether we want to turn British sport into a business. It can be done quite easily. A judicious expenditure of money would produce a crop of boxers, runners, and hammer-throwers equal to any the world can show. All judges agree that we have splendid raw material.

But is it worth while—this pot-hunting on the great scale? At the worst it is a very ugly business: at the best it means an over-specialisation alien to our genius. The special virtue of the Englishman is that he is an all-round man. He may be beaten on some points, but he emerges with credit from any general test. Our soldiers, our professional men, our artists and writers are usually people of more than one talent. With us love of sport is not a mere ambition to be pre-eminent in one thing. We like sport because we like it, and not because we have a mere hunger for triumph. The Bishop of London, who works hard but continues to keep up cycling, tennis, golf, and fives, is typical of the Englishman who plays games, and does not merely watch them played. An Association forward may be the idol of the crowd. The verdict of the country-house is rather for the man who is a first-rate shot, a fair hand across country, and a decent billiard-player,

with some idea of games in general. And, after all, it is that kind of man, and not the specialised expert, who represents the best in English life and English sport.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE FALL OF THE TURK.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN BOUGH".)

SOME few days ago, at the invitation of Professor Oppenheim, Whewell Professor of International Law, Mr. Wickham Steed delivered a lecture on the Near Eastern Question before the University of Cambridge. Having been correspondent of "The Times" for ten years at Vienna, and having been lately sent on a special mission of inquiry to Constantinople, Mr. Steed has enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying the inner forces at work in the Near East. He traced the problem historically to the antagonism of religion and race created by the intrusion of the Mohammedan Turks into Christian Europe, and he followed the developments of the problem step by step to the present day. He explained the breakdown of the Turkish Empire in its recent conflict with the Balkan States by the mistaken policy of the Young Turks, who, abandoning the traditional principles of a theocratic monarchy, which was well adapted to the intellectual and moral condition of the people, have attempted to replace it by rationalistic and Jacobin principles borrowed from the French Revolution.

The effect on the army has been disastrous, for the soldiers, knowing that their officers are not animated by the old unwavering religious faith and loyalty to the Sultan and Caliph, have refused to follow them as of old to the death, because they believe that in doing so they would go straight to hell instead of to Paradise. The only hope of saving the Turkish Empire from dissolution, with all the dangers and conflicts which that dissolution would entail, consists, according to Mr. Steed, in reverting to the old political and religious ideals of a theocratic monarchy, thereby renouncing the attempt to force Western theories of religion and government prematurely upon Eastern peoples who are not ripe to receive them.

The lecturer spoke for an hour and a half, and was listened to throughout with rapt attention by a large and distinguished audience, who were profoundly impressed, not only by the speaker's mastery of the intricate facts of the problem, and by the ease and grace of his delivery, but still more by the deep conviction with which he spoke, and by the high ethical idealism which he advocated as the truest wisdom in the dealings of nations with each other.

In listening to him it was difficult to resist the impression that we have in the speaker a new force in the political world, a force that can only work for the purest and highest ends.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE.

"ENGLAND", M. Anatole France tells us, "is the native home of the novel, as is Normandy of the apple or Valencia of the orange". In phrases delicately happy M. France praises us for masterpieces in this kind, telling us of Richardson, Fielding, Defoe, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. Significantly he pauses at the threshold of to-day lest he should "confer on the living a premature apotheosis". Is there a touch here of the familiar elfin irony? Does M. France, the countryman of Romain Rolland and Paul Bourget, suggest here a reservation in favour of contemporary France? Some among his hearers, living readers and writers of the English novel, must at times have felt uneasy under the compliments of M. France. The position clearly abounded in the comedy he loves. Here was a novelist of France whose pages are quick with style—a style so well fitted to the mood and thought of the writer that often, until we pause, we forget to admire the force and wisdom of a fine intelligence in our delight at the way in which it finds a perpetually happy

expression. This novelist, whose pages, in style and substance, reproach the modern writers of England for all they have forgotten and cannot achieve, compliments England to-day upon her supremacy! These compliments he mischievously (surely there was mischief here?) points with allusions to great Englishmen whose works we, as a reading public, mostly remember at centenaries and bi-centenaries.

This week's celebration of the genius of Anatole France is, we fear, rather a motive for deeply searching our literary hearts than for calmly accepting our literary supremacy. Thomas Hardy, at any rate, sees it thus. Anatole France is, for Thomas Hardy, a writer whose pages may make us wiser perhaps, but certainly less confidently sure that all is well with the contemporary English novel. Thomas Hardy sees in Anatole France a witness to our falling away. "In these days when the literature of narrative and verse seems to be losing its qualities as an art", Mr. Hardy finds it a sobering privilege "that we should have come into our midst a writer who is faithful to the principles that make for permanence, who never forgets the value of organic form and symmetry, the force of reserve". Thomas Hardy's letter to the celebrants on Wednesday was the best possible preamble to the eulogy of Anatole France. The praises of our distinguished guest could hardly, after that, fly to our heads, or make us too readily assume that we wear the mantle to-day of Fielding and Swift; even though we may count among us on these occasions Miss Corelli, Mr. Jerome, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, and dozens of their almost equally distinguished contemporaries.

M. France explained our old supremacy in novel-writing as due to the novel being like the English mind, "intimate, homely, and cordial". Largely, too, there enters a quality of the English mind which, perhaps more than anything else, has helped to distinguish English from French literature. "Style is the man" is an aphorism really more suited to the English writer than to the French. In France style is also the age and sometimes the academy. English style is individual and lawless. French style is traditional, and practised more as the necessary polite practice of an educated citizen than it is in England. English authors have run to the novel because there they had a large territory in which to wander at will. Every great English novelist has made of the English novel his own form and style; so that in England the novel has come to be a definition embracing almost as many kinds and lengths and plans and purposes in material and structure as there are English novelists. Consider the loose, ambling progress of "Tom Jones"; and how Fielding has justified it by the one English law that the English novelist recognises—the law of success! Consider, next, the careful architecture of "Tess". Perhaps the only link between such works as these is the link of their being successful and characteristic expressions of genius. The mischief to-day with the English novelist is not that he disregards fixed canons of form and style. No English novelist ever has regarded them, but has made and observed his own. The mischief to-day is that the majority of English novelists have no form or style whatever. Their style is neither the man, nor the age, nor the academy, nor anything at all. One page is like another page, without character or life. It is because the pages of "Thais" and of "L'Ile des Pingouins" are alight and alive with living words and phrases; because they proceed beautifully, with a perpetual subordination of detail to the general plan; because the colours and voices of this author's world are not all loud; because we are always conscious of that perfect fitting of ends with appropriate means which is the only inviolable law of style—it is because of these things that Anatole France figures in the mind of Thomas Hardy to-day as a warning to the contemporary multitude of English novelists. We are glad there is in England now a body of English readers and writers large enough to unite in honouring perhaps the greatest living master of style in Europe. It is, at any rate, to the good that if we cannot emulate the style of M. France we can at least appreciate it and express our gratitude in a public feast. The

only living author in England who can emulate M. France, who could have met him in the fellowship of genius, was unhappily absent. It is one of life's little ironies that Thomas Hardy was unable to be there. In more than one sense Thomas Hardy was the skeleton at this particular dinner.

THE DECLINE OF ELOQUENCE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

LORD CURZON'S Rede lecture,* reprinted as a pamphlet, is an exhaustive treatise on one of the noblest of human arts by one of its most eminent practitioners. I should have said that it would rank as a piece of classical criticism if Lord Curzon had not spoiled it by a sudden and quite unaccountable descent to "journalistic jottings" about the minor stars of the Parliamentary firmament.

Lord Curzon left the House of Commons before the grand old style had gone out of fashion. As Viceroy of India, and one of the leaders of the House of Lords, he has been able to pursue an art of which leisure and dignity are essential conditions. I say this not forgetting that Demosthenes spoke in the ecclesia, and Cicero in the forum, and that some of Bright's masterpieces were delivered at public meetings. For there is dignity and leisure at a public meeting, though there is none in the House of Commons. There is dignity because the platform is both a physical convenience and a moral elevation. There is leisure because the audience are in no hurry; they have come there to be instructed or amused; if possible, both. To do the modern electors justice, they betray a pathetic eagerness to be educated in politics, and if a speaker has any power of exposition, or any new facts to communicate, or any gift of wit or humour, he will be rewarded beyond his deserts. It is impossible to prepare too carefully for the platform; nothing contributes more to the comfort of the listeners than the logical arrangement, the step by step method, and the division of the speech into compartments. If an audience of artisans, shopkeepers, and clerks see that the speaker has paid them the compliment of preparing his speech—they are rather flattered by voluminous notes—and if he is physically able to make himself heard, they will, however much they may differ from his views, give him a much better hearing than he would get in the House of Commons. I often wonder that ambitious young peers and politicians do not devote more time and trouble to the art of platform speaking. I have never had experience of the agricultural labourer as a listener. But of urban audiences in London, Lancashire, and Scotland I have knowledge; and there is no greater mistake than to imagine that they like clap-trap shouted at them—if they have a weakness, it is for fine language. But all public speakers should take a few lessons in elocution and voice-production. Judging from their performances, hardly any politicians realise the difference between a slurred and a staccato enunciation; nor, seemingly, have they learned that it is the low, not the high, notes that carry farthest, and that to prevent the irritating habit of dropping of the voice on the emphatic words, the lungs should be filled by drawing in the breath as you approach the end of the sentence. These things must be learned mechanically, just as you must learn the tango if you wish to disport yourself as an Argentine cowboy.

The conditions of speaking in the House of Commons are exactly the reverse of speaking at a public meeting. There is neither leisure nor dignity; nothing but solemn scuffling for a place, and undignified bustling. There, unless you are a Cabinet Minister, one of two or three leaders of the Opposition, or a spokesman of one of the new groups, the audience, so far from wanting to hear you, want not to hear you. The House of Commons, with the most perfect acoustics, is the most difficult place in the world to speak in. Yawning,

* "Modern Parliamentary Eloquence: the Rede Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge, November, 1913." By Earl Curzon of Kedleston. London: Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

whispering, figures flitting to and fro, doors perpetually swinging, these are the accompaniment to which the young speaker must accustom himself. I never could understand why my dearest friends, under pretence of support, would come and sit near me when I was speaking, and embark sotto voce upon a long and animated conversation on their private affairs. Indeed, my most elaborate efforts were confided to the patient and solitary ear of the Speaker during the dinner hour. I was however rewarded by the reporters, who always show their gratitude to anyone who takes the trouble to speak logically and grammatically and distinctly. A Cabinet Minister, two or three men on the front Opposition bench, and the heads of groups, are the only speakers who can now secure the attention of the House of Commons. And they are listened to, not because they are eloquent, or witty, or informed, but because what they say may affect the game of politics—how they say it matters not a jot. The private member on his legs sees himself surrounded by a host of competitors, watchful, resentful, sitting with sheaves of notes in hand, ready to spring up the moment he sits down. Such an audience would damp the fire of Demosthenes, and silence the wit of Cicero. No wonder that over such an assembly, feverish, impatient, overtalked, Mr. Asquith exercises a soothing and undisputed supremacy, for, as Lord Curzon points out, he has carried the art of compression to the highest point ever achieved by a public speaker. The Prime Minister's speech on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill did not, I think, occupy more than fifty minutes; and no point was left untouched. Be it observed that Mr. Asquith spares, not only his listeners, but himself. No statesman of the first rank is so economical of utterance as the Prime Minister, and I hazard the assertion that he makes fewer speeches in Parliament and on the platform than any other occupant of either front bench. This is one of Mr. Asquith's secrets, and those who would achieve his Tacitean style must imitate his parsimony. Lord Curzon has explained the reason why the House of Commons is no longer a possible field for the display of oratory, or even its lower form of eloquence. The House of Commons has ceased to discharge what Bagehot calls "its lyrical function", that is, the function of expressing in the best words the best thoughts of the nation on great themes of foreign and domestic policy. It has become a machine for turning bills into laws, and the machine turns under a series of rules so strict and numerous that anything like eloquent exposition or philosophical comment is shut out. Hazlitt playfully describes Burke's exordium as "calling the Speaker out to dance a minuet with him" before beginning. The stately ways of art are churlishly repressed in the modern House of Commons, where solemn prigs have taken the place of the gay and majestic figures of the past. Another cause of the decline of eloquence exposed by Lord Curzon is the fearful fluency of the average politician, attained, *malgré lui*, by his compulsory service on the platform. If I were training a young man to be an orator, the quality I should be most afraid of would be his fluency. For fluency is the natural enemy of eloquence. I know of no more exquisite torture than the fluency of a commonplace man, without ideas, without experience, and with the common stock of information. Yet of such stuff our politicians perforce are made. Despite of motor-cars, candidates and members should refuse to speak at five or six meetings in an evening. The multiplication of electors has made it very difficult, though in time this will cure itself, as constituents will be so numerous under universal suffrage as to make it physically impossible to address them. President Wilson is a reticent man: his speeches are short, few, and literary; yet he has been chosen king of a democracy three or four times as big as our own. For the present, at all events, the House of Commons is hopeless as an arena of eloquence. There remain the House of Lords and the platform. In the House of Lords, whilst it exists, Lord Curzon must dispute with Lord Rosebery the palm. The greatest exemplar of

the art of speaking to public meetings is Mr. F. E. Smith; but he runs the risk of falling a victim to the facility which undid Gladstone. The rhetorical soul of Mr. F. E. Smith is in danger: let us all pray for its salvation. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio", by which I do not mean the serving up of baked meats, but the occasional practice of abstinence.

ROSEMARY AND BAUBLES.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

I WAS looking the other day in the British Museum at some of the toys with which little children played in Egypt thousands of years ago, and also at some of those which in a later age enlivened the nurseries of Greece and Rome. And afterwards, wandering through the bewildering galleries of a modern Christmas toy fair, I could not but be struck, not only by the essentially changeless nature of our playthings, but also by the tendency manifested throughout the ages for toys to become over-elaborate and complicated until, like civilisation itself, they defeat their own ends and have to revert to elementary simplicity again. The little Egyptian children had simple things like soft balls or hard ones made of porcelain or papyrus, and the most elaborate toys of theirs which I have seen are two quite simple little figures, one a bronze woman carrying a vessel on her head, and the other, in earthenware, a mother carrying her child. But the little Romans and Greeks were much more complicated in their tastes, and there are still in existence toys of theirs elaborately dressed, with jointed arms and legs, and tiny doll-house chairs and tables, with little cups and utensils of pottery painted with scenes from the lives of children.

In our own age there have been many developments of elaborateness in toys, which perhaps were brought to their perfection in the workshops of South Germany in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and we are just now at the culmination of another similar, although less noble, development, and on the eve of a return, apparently, to simpler and more primitive toys. Certainly although the childish ambition is to have something which "works" and is "real," it is not these things which abide most securely in our memories and affections; but things which were so unreal as to be mere grotesque symbols of what they were supposed to represent. In fact it was the toys which gave us most to do, and laid on our imaginations the greatest task of pretence and make-believe, that really won our hearts. How simple are the first things with which a little child learns to play! First something soft that can be taken into the mouth; then something that rattles or jingles; then the simple ball or sphere that can be rolled or bounced, then the doll in some shape or form; then the wheel, and then, according to the child's inclination or opportunity, the reins that help him to pretend to be a horse, the sword or helmet which makes him into a soldier, the gun for killing enemies or wild beasts, the railway train, the boat, and so on. The most precious toys which I remember were an imperfectly cured cow-horn which gave out, in addition to its wavering note, a most overpowering smell; a species of gaily-painted wheel mounted on a handle, which I called (quite inaccurately) my "whirligig"; a small boat with black topsides and a salmon-coloured bottom, which has sailed many voyages on the green tablecloth, now bringing up alongside Webster's Dictionary to discharge cargo, and now lying at anchor in the shelter of a promontory of Bibles; and a common iron hoop burnished by friction of its stick to the colour of silver, beside and behind which I ran, over paved footpaths dappled with sunshine filtered through the hawthorn and laburnum of suburban gardens, many a long, weary mile. It is strange to me to think that these objects, once so living and crowded upon with poetry and imagination, so closely associated with all that was lovely and adventurous in the mind of childhood, must long ago have crumbled away and been restored to their chemical elements, and that I should still be walking about and looking into toyshop windows, reduced to

the sorry business of writing about toys instead of gloriously playing with them. But it is of no use. I made an experiment not very long ago; did actually purchase, for an absurdly small sum, a clockwork railway of a kind that was totally beyond my reach in the days when I would have gloried in it; and carrying it home in a large red cardboard box, and making sure that my servant was well out of the way, did actually set it out on the floor and attempt to play with it. But the glory had departed; I could not become sufficiently like a little child to enter into that kingdom. But I knew what to do with the train. I parcelled it up again and bestowed it upon a family of little children into whose wildest dreams the idea of possessing such a thing could never have entered, and I believe it is to this day brought out on a Sunday or a birthday by their father, and played with for their benefit, surrounded in their minds with the same glamour and glory in which it first fell upon them from the skies.

I am constantly seeing my little friends being deprived of this great pleasure of the rarely-used "best" toy. Everything is delivered into their hands—aeroplane that fly, electric trains with signals and switches that work, toy battleships and motor-cars that are marvels of ingenuity, armies that are patterns of accuracy in their uniforms and equipment. But when you have put into a child's hand an extremely elaborate model, it cannot and does not satisfy his imagination. He will play for a whole day with a train made of chairs, because imagination enters into the game; the arm-chair is an engine, the sofa is a sleeping-car, another arm-chair is the luggage-van. But if you give him a perfect thing his imagination is left out in the cold; there is no part for it to take in the game except a destructive part; in short, there is nothing to be done with the mechanical model except to break it open and see how it works. Indeed, more summary methods are quite naturally attractive. I have seen a little boy of four years old, to whom an elaborate working model of a motor-car had been presented, after watching it work for a few minutes, take it up in his hand and hurl it to the ground with a smile of satisfaction. It was the only thing he could think of doing with it. That is why the hoop or the train of chairs or the rough and grotesque toy train will always give more real pleasure than the most elaborate machinery that can be conceived; that is why the rag doll or the woolly lamb will always lie nearer the heart's affections than the most wonderfully equipped and elaborately clothed French *poupée*.

As I have said, however, I believe there is some sign of a return to the more primitive style of toy. I see mysterious objects in toyland with quaint names, of which the goliwog and the teddy bear were the precursors. There is one which particularly pleases me called "A dada". I like it first for its name; it is not called "dada" or "the dada", but "a dada"; and it has thus been christened, I suppose, in order to facilitate reference to it by the very youngest of its possessors. It is, moreover, a simple doll, of a bright and cheery countenance, and can be made by simple means to assume various postures. It is more natural and purely primitive than the rather affected and artificial type of American invention known as "Billykins"; in fact, it is a charming and attractive toy, which will probably take an abiding place among those "solid joys and lasting pleasures" which happy children should be laying up for themselves in the fragrant cabinet of memory. A touch of the grotesque is admirable in a toy; it separates it from the common things of life, and gives definition to the memories associated with it; but it should above all things be simple. Do you remember those trains stamped out of tin, with wheels of brass wire, and no resemblance at all to any known vehicle? Was there ever a red like that of the red carriage, or a yellow and a blue like the colours that followed it; or any green to equal the greenness of the engine? Do you remember the fragrant smell of them—yes, and the taste of them when licked? Or do you remember a little passepartout glass box edged with yellow, containing a tortoise that

trembled and shook whenever the box was moved? When the mind is putting out its first feelers towards beauty it is things like this, vivid, definite and comprehensible, which enchant and satisfy it, yet lead it on to the pursuit of ever finer things.

Pray think of this when you are making the choice, so wearisome to you, so momentous to them, of Christmas toys for your little friends.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

NO one is better pleased than I am when Mr. Arthur Fagge devotes an evening to novelties; and in my next article I propose to discuss some he produced last week. In the meantime, however, I want to say something about some music which is so old that it is new to many of us. Readers of this REVIEW will remember that some years ago I never tired of insisting on the value of the work done by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. His concerts of old music were an unfailing source of joy; his little concert-room was always crowded; musicians went to learn and take pleasure in the forgotten music of an earlier day. But the little concert-room, although full, did not hold enough half-guineas to provide the concert-giver with his bread-and-butter, and as even musicians cannot live on air and praise and must have a certain limited quantity of solid food, Mr. Dolmetsch grew weary of the struggle and went to America to try his luck there. But the plain fact was, though none of us realised it at the time, that there were not, either in America or in England, enough people interested in old music; in all London only some fifty regular subscribers could be reckoned on, and in Boston there were no more. But during the past ten years there has been a change. Mr. Dolmetsch has come back, and is lecturing in the provinces to audiences of two and three thousand; and the small hall of Clifford's Inn is full at each of his concerts. Whether the public is large enough yet to make the concerts permanently profitable is more than can be said as yet; but it is growing larger every day. Yet there is one thing about which Mr. Dolmetsch ought to take warning. His three children are exceptionally gifted; but, to speak vulgarly, it is hardly good enough to charge half-a-guinea to hear them play and sing the old music. The fault of these concerts always was their casual, amateurish character; the performances were always more or less like rehearsals; and this defect was rather accentuated than otherwise on Tuesday evening of last week. This old stuff, as Mr. Dolmetsch knows as well as anyone, is very difficult; the most consummate musicianship, insight, mature understanding, are required for its interpretation; and though it is interesting and amusing to see a valiant little fellow, five years of age, tackling a minuet of Rameau, much better use might be made of the time. The dialogue, "I prithee keep my sheep for me", by Nicholas Laneare, did not make anything like its full effect because of the immaturity of the little artists. In a word the affair was too little of a concert and too much of a baby-show. I do not say this in an unkind spirit. I want these concerts to prosper, so that I may spend enjoyable evenings, and it seems to me that people will not attend them regularly unless the finest and ripest artists available take part in them.

The best things of the evening were two pavans for viola and harpsichord: here the youngsters did their share well, and were steadied by Miss Beatrice Horne, Mrs. Dolmetsch, and Miss Thérèse de Lens. Mr. Dolmetsch himself played the harpsichord brilliantly. These old composers knew how to get "effects" out of the instruments they wrote for. Rameau's suite has a curious freshness blended with its old-world atmosphere: the "Rappel des Oiseaux" might, save for touches of the ancient idiom, have been composed yesterday. We usually think of Rameau as a dry-as-dust theorist, but he certainly had many happy hours of inspiration. Of course he sounds naïve compared with Bach; and he has not a touch of Bach's stupendous spirit; but he achieves what he sets out to do. His technique is impeccable, and his invention, if not rich,

is at any rate respectable. Lully sounded a trifle clumsy; but Lully was really an opera-writer: not even Wagner stood more in need of scenery, dress, lights, and action to stir his imagination. We English owe much to Lully, for he was the master of our Pelham Humphries, and exerted an immense influence over Purcell. An agreeable feature of the concert was the clavichord prelude and fugue of Bach. Of course the room is much too large for the faint tones of this loveliest of keyed instruments, but in such matters we must put up with what we can get. Unfortunately a dog barked about ten miles off, and we lost a bit of the fugue, but the rest was well worth listening to. The last concert of the series comes off on 17 December, and I recommend my readers to write for tickets at once. (Miss Beatrice Horne, St. Andrew's House, 31A, Mortimer Street, W.) I have not the slightest hesitation about advertising these concerts. Like Dr. Terry's, at best they attract too few people for it to be possible for them to bear the financial weight of columns of advertisements in the daily Press. The big orchestras can well and profitably indulge in such luxuries, and in posters on the boardings and in the railway stations, and in strings of sandwich-men in the streets. The only hope of the smaller enterprises getting a faithful following lies in the *élite* reading about them; and there are at present all too few critics who go to concerts for the sake of the older music. We want orchestras of at least a hundred artists; we want Tschaiakowsky, Debussy, and Strauss. For my part, I love a rumpus in a concert-hall as well as most people; I am delighted to ride on the storm and the whirlwind raised by Wagner or Berlioz; but there are times when it is refreshing to surrender oneself to the enchantment of the music of an earlier day, a day when a great style of writing for small means was common in the air, when noise had not come to be thought a fair substitute for sheer beauty and expressiveness. Two or three of these quieter concerts even give an added zest to the tempests of passion and heroics we get at Queen's Hall; they save our musical palate from becoming depraved. A man or woman who finds no satisfaction in music a trifle less uproarious than the *Battle in the "Heldenleben"* is indeed in a sad plight. The year 1913 may be perhaps a great one in history, but the years round about 1613 were not less great. The boundaries of the art have been immensely widened; we have gained much. Have we not at the same time lost something? We certainly have if we can no longer appreciate pure beauty; if we preserve our power of doing this we may revel in the music of to-day and have to the full the priceless heritage of the past.

From Clifford's Inn on Tuesday, none too brilliantly lit and with its fit audience though few, to Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, with a huge but rather indiscriminating audience, might have proved something of a shock but for the lapse of the intervening days. At Clifford's Inn the harpsichord, clavichord, viol, and viol da gamba: the most modern of the compositions played, a suite of Marin Marais. At Queen's Hall a Stradivari fiddle handled by one of the most accomplished of living violinists, Mischa Elman: the earliest composition a Handel sonata and the most recent a concerto of Saint-Saëns. No invidious comparisons need be drawn. No more satisfying concert than Mischa Elman's has been given this season. I will let the Saint-Saëns thing go; my opinion of that gentleman's music has so often been given in these columns that a repetition would merely weary the reader. Let those who like such work like it, provided they are kind enough not to insist on me doing the same. The rendering of Handel's E major sonata was superb, and set one dreaming of what results of ineffable loveliness might be realised if Elman with his Strad, and Dolmetsch with his harpsichord could join forces for once. Handel is by no means always at his finest and noblest in his chamber-music; he was too readily contented with the conventional figurations of his period, and rarely rose to the height of his greatest songs when writing for solo instruments, and never once to the height of his greatest choruses. In the two slow movements, however, of this sonata there is a

surprising depth of feeling expressed in purely vocal phrases for the violin; and these, grasped with true insight into their meaning and possibilities by Elman, made, in the best sense of the word, a magnificent effect. Elman's technique is irreproachable, but something more than technique was needed to make this effect. The artist of 1913 could play with the notes of the art of 1713; yet we got no mere playing, but a truly inspired interpretation. The last item of the programme was Wieniawski's showy "*Souvenir de Moscow*," the playing of which showed that the violinist, did he choose to ignore the artist in himself, might win packed houses as many times a week as he liked by playing nothing but fireworks. I don't know the composer, A. Trowell, of a *Minuetto Rococo*; it seemed to be agreeable fooling of a sort I would not go out of my way either to hear or to avoid. J. M. Leclair was one of the most gifted of the seventeenth-century French school, and he might have done better things had he not been a violinist—and also, it appears, a ballet-dancer—first and a composer afterwards. The "*Tambourin*," arranged by Nachez, is pretty, but cannot be compared with his more serious work. Unfortunately I did not hear the Mozart sonata in B flat. The programme was excellently devised from the point of view of variety, and though I would gladly have given up Saint-Saëns for a Beethoven sonata, variety is essential if a musician wishes to earn his bread by concert-giving. Besides, tastes differ, and even a musical critic must be taught once in a while that he is not everybody.

"THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."

BY JOHN PALMER.

LET me this week forget a rash undertaking to show that dramatic technique does not exist. The revival at the St. James's Theatre of Mr. Shaw's "*The Doctor's Dilemma*" is too interesting to be treated merely as the peg for a general discussion. Every good play that is written, as we shall see at some future time, proves the literal nonentity of dramatic technique. But "*The Doctor's Dilemma*" proves other and more immediately interesting things.

"*The Doctor's Dilemma*" is a most exasperating play. Perpetually one is wondering whether it is the best or the worst play Mr. Shaw has ever written. At the end of the second act we are sure it is the best. At the extreme end of the evening we are sure it is the worst. The mere fact that at the extreme end of the evening it is nearly midnight and that the play began punctually at eight has something to do with this impression. It is not that Mr. Shaw has taken up four hours of our time, but that somehow he has contrived to spend two hours of the four in undoing most of what he does in the other two.

Here we must be careful. The merest expert will tell you that "*The Doctor's Dilemma*" is too long. Probably he will add that the play is over-written. Let us be clear about this. Is there really any such thing as an over-long or an over-written play? The one absolute and incontrovertible limit to the length of a play is the physical limit. If the author is a genius, and has enough to say, and allows his audience discreet intervals for food and fresh air, there is no reason why his play should not last for a week without anyone beginning to suspect that it is over-long. The play of an author who cannot comply with these conditions—namely, that he should be a genius and have enough to say—is only too long in the sense that it is always advisable to say no more than one can. All this may seem quite childishly obvious, but if it were always remembered as faithfully as such commonplaces are usually forgotten we should have less confusion of the symptoms of a play's failure with the disease. To say that a play is too long is not a diagnosis; and the critic or playgoer who thinks that it stands in the position of a doctor who imagines he has discovered what is wrong with his patient by merely stating his temperature. The conviction of an audience that a play is too long is only a symptom that something somewhere is wrong with it. Sometimes such plays are only too

long in the sense that they should never have been presented. To say that a play is over-written equally begs the question. There is no such thing as an over-written play. Usually when an expert tells you that a play is over-written he really means that the play is under-written, or that it is not written at all.

The fallacy of dismissing a play as over-long or over-written is clearly shown when we compare the first act of "The Doctor's Dilemma" with the last. It is strictly true that the bulk of the first act could be cut out without obscuring the issue or the action of the play. In this crude sense the first act of "The Doctor's Dilemma" is too long, and also in this crude sense it is over-written. On the other hand, it is equally true that from every other point of view the first act of "The Doctor's Dilemma" is one of the two acts of the play which is not long enough. Nothing so good as the first and second acts of this play *could* be long enough if they went on for a week. Superficially all the doctor's shop is irrelevant and unnecessary. Essentially it is the stuff which could least of all be spared. Contrast with this the last act of the play—an act which does not stand still, but continues the story. Superficially this seems relevant and necessary. In our hearts we know that it wearies us. This is too long, we exclaim with Polonius; and think we have explained why we cannot be interested.

Contrasting these two acts we soon realise that scenes wittily written can never be too long, and that scenes tediously written are too long by exactly the time they take to play. If Mr. Shaw could have carried on his play for twelve hours upon the level of his first act we could with the necessary rest and refreshment have sat under him in King Street for a week without once feeling that he had kept us there for an undue length of time. We began to be tired at about eleven o'clock, not because it was eleven o'clock, but because Mr. Shaw had begun to repeat himself, to underline unnecessarily all that he had already suggested, and to wander from the point of his play without making it worth our while to follow him. The last act of "The Doctor's Dilemma" is every way an anti-climax. It is an anti-climax of the story or idea of the play; of the style in which it is written; of the clarity and vigour equally of Mr. Shaw's thought and expression. The first necessary step towards making "The Doctor's Dilemma" a perfect play is to cut out the last act altogether. The second necessary step is nearly related to the first—namely, to cut bodily out of the play all that relates to Ridgeon's tenderness for Mrs. Dubedat. This silly stuff only gets in the way of the main theme without adding anything of its own to our enjoyment. Now let the first and second acts remain almost as they stand, the first act, by virtue of the doctor's talk, ranking with the best half-dozen "conversations" which Mr. Shaw has written; the second act, by virtue of the masterly way in which Dubedat's villainies are cumulatively unfolded, ranking with the best half-dozen bits of dramatic exposition I have watched in a London theatre. Keeping these acts virtually untouched there remain the two studio acts, the second of which requires to be almost entirely re-written. Observe that before we have even reached Dubedat's studio the play is virtually at an end, so far as our theatrical expert is concerned. The dilemma of the doctor is clearly stated at the fall of the curtain in the second act. Ordinarily we should want merely an additional third act to tidy up the situation. But the theatrical expert, of course, reckons without his author. He always does. I should advise him to allow Mr. Shaw two full acts in the studio; for there is only one rule that is of any use in dealing with Mr. Shaw (or for the matter of that with anyone else)—namely, to let him go on talking so long as he can do justice to himself, whether what is popularly known as the action of the play is standing or moving. The third act of "The Doctor's Dilemma" is justified, in that the absence of any new point in the action is compensated for by the quality of the talk. In a word, the third act consumes its own smoke, and it therefore stands.

The fourth act remains, and the fourth act is a serious matter. It need not go bodily out; but it needs, as has already been said, complete revision. It is true that life does not cease to be funny because someone is recently dead. It is also true that this fourth act of "The Doctor's Dilemma" brings vividly out one of the chief virtues of Mr. Shaw's work at all times—its perpetual request that all high things, such as religion and death, can and should ever be compelled to stand the test of laughter. The failure of this fourth act is not due to a necessary fallacy in what Mr. Shaw has here attempted. Mr. Shaw's treatment of death does not offend us because he has laughed in the face of our King of Terrors. It offends us because into his treatment of this really tremendous opposition of the idea of death with the idea of a world that goes trivially forward without a decent thought for the dead Mr. Shaw has not put the imagination which would have saved him from errors of taste as a dramatist, which cheapen his great theme and belittle the very thing he sets out to accomplish. When Shakespeare brings together death and the common round (as when Fortinbras breaks in upon Hamlet) death is put into his place, but death is not thereby cheapened. But Mr. Shaw's treatment of this theme cheapens both life and death. He is here like a small boy who has the courage to put out his tongue at a ghost. Mr. Shaw must re-think himself into this scene, and try to understand exactly why the doctor's joke about Dubedat's borrowing his first five pounds in the world to come is a lapse of the imagination. He will then realise that the whole scene is full of false relations, all the worse for their being due to a deliberate mis-handling of the progression.

And now, just as I am warming to the job of a really useful dissection of Mr. Shaw's play, I find that I have no time left in which to mention the players. Did we but have a regular repertory theatre intelligent criticism of playing would become quite an agreeable and an interesting occupation. I am not going to fob off any of Mr. Granville Barker's company with a perfunctory mention. Perhaps I shall have an opportunity next week of dealing with them individually.

GROWING.

When I was but a little boy
I knew no more than a little tiny joy.
When I was young and twenty-five,
Then I was fearfully alive.
And when I grew and became a man,
Then I was the top of creation's plan;
I melted into love's desire—
I was the ore and I the fire.
And when I knew that I was old,
Then I was minted into gold.

GILBERT CANNAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREE COMPETITION AND FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—The Premier at Oldham instanced as one of the questions that have not been and presumably cannot be answered by Tariff Reformers, "Why do foreign manufactured goods come into this country and find a market here? Is it not because for the time being, at any rate, they can either not be made here at all or can be made better and cheaper than here in the places from which they come?"

Is it not a fair rejoinder to ask for a reply to the question from modern devotees of Free Trade themselves in accordance with the Free Trade theory, as expounded by J. S. Mill in the chapters under International Exchange and Taxes on Commodities? Unless they can square replies to such questions with the theory of Free Trade as expounded in those

chapters their association with the name Free Trade is misleading, and to call them devotees of State-aided imports is but the truth according to the theory of Free Trade.

To support a system of State-aided imports is to support a system of industrial and social suicide. To support free imports in accordance with Free Trade theory is to support an economic proposition, but it is impossible to realise Free Trade in practice, because "we know to-day that the classical assumption of free competition throughout the entire economic society is an illusion". Clearly then Tariff Reformers are less implicated in the necessity for satisfactorily replying to these and similar questions than the so-called Free Traders. The economic possibility of Tariff Reform may be said to have originated, essentially, out of the dilemma of a Free Trade theory which fails to realise in practice its own most attractive and necessary prime conditions, viz., "Free competition throughout the entire economic society"; and it would seem that Tariff Reform's contribution to a science of economics building and to be built up out of the realisation of these actual facts will be to vastly stimulate scientific inquiry, not as to why foreign goods come into this country, but as to whether they come in at least with approximate economic equity to the existing and potential productive capacities of this nation.

When economic science begins to visualise such facts, Free Traders will have a status, which means to say the necessary data will have to be available before it is at all possible for them to determine the kernel of the whole question of international trading, termed by Mill "the advantage of trade". By reference to existing conditions, Free Trade theory proves we have sacrificed our advantage of trade in the economic sense of the term, and as a political proposition, the Tariff proposals before the country of the Unionist party are of such modest proportions as to preclude the possibility of local disturbance and of overreaching the meridian of economic equity.—Yours faithfully,

READER S.R.

A QUESTION FOR ENGLISH SETTLERS IN NATAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W.

2 December 1913.

SIR,—Nothing has lately been said about the most important question that confronts the white man in Natal, who has more to fear from the lust of the Kaffir than from the competition of hard-working Indian settlers. For example: Major-General Tulloch tells us in his interesting book on "Recollections of Forty Years' Service", that "an officer's wife proposed riding from Maritzburg across the Tugela to Eshowe, where her husband's regiment was stationed. She happened to mention this to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who at once said: 'No lady can ride by herself through Natal.' There were some shocking cases of the effects of civilisation on natives at Maritzburg, one girl being pulled off her pony when riding to school." This happened when the general was stationed in Natal in command of the Welsh Regiment. And if further corroboration of the dreadful state of affairs in this British colony is wanted, it will be found in an article on "White Girls and Black Boys" that appeared in a Radical Sunday newspaper—*Reynolds's* of November 13th, 1904—from which the following is about the only extract that can be quoted for insertion in the SATURDAY REVIEW: "If the statements contained in a letter written by a Britisher who has resided for many years in the Colony be true, the scandal just brought to light is not by any means an isolated case."

Why make a scapegoat of the clean-living Indian in Natal when the lust of gold as well as the lust of the flesh are the dominating factors in South Africa? And in connection with this question the following quotation from "A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," by Richard Verstegan (1605), may prove to be of melancholy interest, since it shows how we have degenerated: "And now touching their honestie of lyf, a rare thing among pagan people (for such they were), Cæsar himself reporteth that the youth of Germanie

were not given to the lusts of the flesh. And Tacitus, shewing their great continencie faith, that Matrimonie is severely observed among them. . . . No man laugheth at vices. Good manners are of greater authoritie and force among them than els where good lawes. A rare commendation, surely, of such a people as the Germans then were."

Finally, I promise to find the money for the education in this country of white children from Natal, on the understanding that immigrants from the congested districts of Behar are freed from persecution in South Africa. Moreover, I am prepared to stand as security for the good behaviour of Indians in Natal.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

DONALD NORMAN REID.

THE HUNTING PARSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Westbourne Gardens, Folkestone,

9 December 1913.

SIR,—I wonder how many of the people who are protesting against "blood-sports" and hunting parsons dare throw a stone at Charles Kingsley and Reynolds Hole—to mention two parsons, Broad Church and High Church, devoted to hunting and to field sports generally?

So long as a clergyman does his duty by his parish there is no reason why he should not hunt, shoot, and fish. Many of the noblest men the Church of England has ever had have engaged in field sports.

I advise the unworthy critics of the Archbishop of York to get a copy of Charles Kingsley's *Essays*, and read his eulogy of the chase. It will clear the cobwebs from their brains and hearts.

Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO DOES NOT HUNT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Paul's Road, Bournemouth,

4 December 1913.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Ernest Bell which appeared under the above heading in a recent issue of your paper has attracted my attention mainly for two reasons—viz., (1) because I am a member of the Church of England, and (2) because I am keenly interested in the spread of humanitarian teaching.

Mr. Bell asks whether members of the Church, which is supposed to stand for universal love, are content to accept their Archbishop's interpretation of its teachings. My reply is a most emphatic negative. There are, I believe, thousands of Churchmen to whom the Archbishop's utterance (as quoted in Mr. Bell's letter) will come as an astounding blow. If our "spiritual pastors" hold such opinions, whatever can be expected of the flock?

"Blessed are the merciful", said the Great Teacher. What can be the decision of the thousands of men and women who to-day are on the hedge of doubt and unbelief if the acknowledged leaders of the Christian Church so openly distort the teachings of the Founder Himself? It seems to me that incalculable harm is likely to befall the cause of Christianity unless his Grace of York can explain away his astonishing utterance.

May I also be allowed to express my opinion that the editorial comments upon Mr. Bell's letter are unworthy of the publication? Foxes, otters, etc., are not hunted for food, but merely to provide amusement for those who should be better occupied. Would you, sir, suggest some other description than "blood-sports" for these savage and brutal pastimes? Surely you would not class them merely as sports along with the legitimate and beneficial recreations such as cricket, football, etc.?

Yours truly,

GEO. GUEST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cheltenham.

SIR,—The pulpit utterances of the Archbishop of York on the occasion of dedicating a stained glass window to the memory of the Rev. Charles Slingsby—a foxhunting parson—may well call forth surprised comments. A somewhat similar case occurred lately in a Midland county, a clergyman being seized with illness while riding home from hunting, and dying shortly afterwards.

The Bishop, who preached the funeral sermon, while praising the general work of the deceased, appears to have avoided allusion to his foxhunting proclivities.

This silence speaks for itself.

Surely the English Church has authority to forbid clergy taking part in blood sports? I can recall no instance of a Roman Catholic priest's name being among those at a meet, or following the hounds. The troubled would hardly select a foxhunter as confidant and adviser. It was said by One, "the foxes have holes", but in these days the holes are carefully stopped so that the fashionable assembly may have a sure "find" and "kill".

A clergyman is out of place amidst such surroundings.

Yours,

E. L. DAUBENY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Pioneer Club,

9, Park Place, St. James's Street, W.

3 December 1913.

SIR,—Your note appended to Mr. Ernest Bell's letter in your last issue challenges criticism.

How is one to distinguish between sports such as boating, cricket, skating, and the like, and sports which involve the death of animals unless one terms these latter "blood-sports"? Death-sports or slaughter-sports would hardly improve matters.

Even to those who, like myself, do not favour a diet of corpses there is an important distinction between killing for food—however unnecessary it may appear to us—and killing for fun, or pleasure, or sport, or by whatever other euphemism its devotees may choose to designate it.

The expression "blood" may not be refined (*you* call it "horrible or disgusting"), but it is in favour with the adherents of killing-sports themselves, since they speak of "bleeding" the hounds, and, still worse, practise the coarse habit of "bleeding" young children of either sex when present for the first time at a "death" by streaking their faces with the blood of the victim.

Plain language cannot be better employed than in characterising such "sports", for they are barbaric survivals which if recognised in their true light would be the more readily discarded by the refined section of humanity.

Yours faithfully,

EDITH WARD.

THE FOX AND THE PHEASANT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—A sportsman happened to drop a copy of your paper near my residence, and it encouraged me to write to you stating some of my views.

The fox deserves well of the huntsmen because they prevent him from being exterminated for the pleasure of hunting him. But in this respect he does not stand alone. I and my brethren would be exterminated—would cease to be grown—if it were not that we provide good nutritive food for the pheasants. If pheasants were not reared we would soon cease to exist.

But an old pheasant who would have eaten me if I had not been so tough told me that the fox had killed some of her young ones and, I think she added, eaten some of her eggs. Is this fair? Am I to be sacrificed to the fox-hunters?

Worse still remains. I am told that Lloyd George is going to put a tax on us in order to render the rearing of pheasants more expensive. Is this fair to us? I think not.

Truly yours,

MANGOLD WURTZEL.

JUGGERNAUT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 December 1913.

SIR,—Our merry Chancellor, in pleasant after-dinner vein, has indulged in a pretty piece of reminiscence. When he was motoring in Ireland, he tells us, a donkey (harnessed to a cart, apparently) had the audacity to get in his way. "He need hardly say that the machine did not stop." Then what happened to the donkey, and the cart, and the poor man, its owner? One would have thought that our beloved Chancellor, homo vere popularis, the friend of humanity, the hater of oppression, the protector of the poor, would at least have slowed down and have given the humbler equipage time to draw to the side of the road—just as an ordinary, brutal, overbearing landowner would have done. Nothing of the sort, however! He leaves us to infer that he drove into and over it. How mistaken one may be in people!

Faithfully yours,

LUCIAN THE LESS.

WHO WAS DATCHERY?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 Longton Grove, Sydenham, S.E.,

22 November 1913.

SIR,—In your to-day's notice of "A Great Mystery Solved", by Gillan Vase (first published in 1878), the remark is made "everybody wants to know who was Datchery". Mr. Cuming Walters' solution of the Datchery mystery is that Datchery was Helena Landless, and Sir William Robertson Nicoll has given his blessing to Mr. Walters' astonishing discovery. The London Branch of the Dickens Fellowship are holding a "Trial of John Jasper for the Murder of Edwin Drood" on January 7th next, with Mr. G. K. Chesterton as judge and Messrs. Cuming Walters and Cecil Chesterton for the prosecution and defence respectively, and it will be interesting to watch the development of the case as then argued.

The theory that Helena was Datchery is an astounding one. Whatever disguise she might have assumed her eyes alone would have given her away. She was an Eurasian, and, if the accepted pictures of her may be trusted, a dark Eurasian. In the little town of Cloisterham Helena must have been known by sight to everyone. At the time of the writing of "Drood" Catherine Aurora Kirkpatrick (the Kitty Kirkpatrick of Carlyle's Memoirs) was much talked about, and in 1861 there had died the once famous Eurasian beauty Lola Montez. These ladies may have influenced Dickens's fancy for the introduction of a fascinating Eurasian into his tale. But Dickens was an artist. To imagine for a moment that he could have conceived the idea of a Lola or a Kitty passing unrecognised in Cloisterham in detective guise is about as absurd as to assume that Drood was murdered by Miss Twinkleton or hanged for killing Jasper.

There is no need for the serious consideration of the Helena-Datchery theory. There is no need for the importation into the tale of a new character to become Datchery, nor yet for the distortion of an already arrived character into Datchery. I have already been permitted by the editors of the "Dickensian" and "Notes and Queries" to unveil at some length the real Datchery, mentioned by Dickens early in the story and saved up by him for the playing of an important part at the finish. Datchery was the husband (a clergyman) of the sister of the China Shepherdess, "holding Corporation preferment in London City" (Chapter VI.). There is absolutely nothing in the tale fatal to this theory, and there are many reasons for its final acceptance.

Yours faithfully,

WILMOT CORFIELD.

REVIEWS.

"THE PROUD, FULL SAIL."

"Gvlielmi Shakespeare Carmina quae Sonnets nuncupantur Latine reddita ab Aluredo Thoma Barton edenda curavit Joannes Harrower." Riccardi Press. 20s. net.

THIS volume almost flaunts its indifference to the public; its very title is in Latin; the translations that follow and the brief appreciation of the man who made them are in Latin also. Yet we consider ourselves fortunate in securing a copy of a memorial which, while embodying exquisite work, recalls the regard and affection of a host of Oxford men. The hope of a portrait of the master scholar was cut short by his sudden death, but we have here a permanent record of his favourite studies printed for the committee of his friends in all the luxury of the best type of to-day. These Latin renderings of the whole series of Shakespeare's sonnets, edited by Prof. Harrower, are as happy a memorial of Alfred Barton as could be devised. They remind us of one of the things which English scholars are slowly learning from German: the recognition of the great teacher by a special publication in his honour. We cannot doubt that Barton, if he had lived, would have rejoiced to see his work circulate among those capable of appreciating it. It is worth appreciation, but we must say something of the man himself before we turn to it.

We read in the stately Latin of a career given to classical scholarship at Oxford, and especially to Pembroke, the scene for many years of Barton's labours. His life was unknown to the world at large, for he devoted himself to his authors and his pupils. He was acclaimed not in a press which counts flashy notoriety as the first of claims, but rather in the intimate atmosphere of a gaudy-day. There he relaxed the severity of his discipline, exchanged severe judgment for geniality, and forgot the blue pencil. The memoir compares him to that glory of Pembroke, the greatly prejudiced Doctor, who was nevertheless the greatest Tory and best man of his age, and even without this hint what is emphatically called a character emerges from these few pages.

Such, indeed, was Barton: formidable, no glad sufferer of fools, dogmatic in maintaining his opinion, and sure that any divergencies from it belonged to the category of errors. Self-contained (he reminded one of that other Oxford scholar whom a society was founded to excavate), he knew little of the ways of the world, and saw in others (pathetically or comically, as you please) his own enthusiasm for his beloved classics. He thought it a severe punishment to exclude the perpetrator of a bad mistake from the advantage of his teaching. He did not perceive that such exclusion might be less than an annoyance to the average undergraduate. He was like the crusted port which he appreciated in the good old style; for the connoisseur who knew how to take him could get strength and sweetness from him. Always he retained his command of incisive speech; he was not easily disconcerted.

Scholars of this type are now almost extinct—at any rate in our universities. The fashionable don of to-day seeks to be everything by turns, and is apt to pose—ridiculously enough—as a man of the world. Business more than learning seems the ideal, and Oxford has more than ever what the acidulous memoirs of Mark Pattison called the tone of a lively municipal borough.

The famous text before us remains a ground of controversy. The persons involved and the extent of truth and fiction in these disturbing poems are all disputed and distorted to fit various theories. The present writer finds it impossible to believe, as some do, that the life which Shakespeare's sonnets reveal is fictitious, the mere imagining of a poet who sought a chance to be witty. The story is so strange, so piteous, so degrading, we might even add, that it bears the stamp of truth upon it. Shakespeare suffered these things, tortured himself in the chains

of love against his own reason, revealed his own weakness, and persisted in his sacrifice to the unworthy.

Is there any such story in classic Latin verse? There are two. Catullus and Clodia remind us of Shakespeare and the dark lady; both poets found the traitor friend and lost their mistress; but Catullus could not compromise; his passion was too fierce and bitter. Yet it is not in Catullus that we find the real parallel to the sonnets, but in the brilliant young Propertius, who, in the audacity of his wonderful rhythms, the abruptness of his quick-coming thoughts, and the desperate freedom of his abasement, recalls Shakespeare. The one talks of "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame"; the other, in disgrace with fortune, claims "hanc animam extremæ dedere nequitiae". We cannot doubt that the translator saw the parallel, for his "Cynthia" is a hint of it. He has, too, some Propertian idioms, and in Sonnets 122 and 146 a happy reproduction of those splendid rhythms which Propertius brought into Latin poetry. Yet, subtle and strangely modern as Propertius is, he does not embroider his love with the deep imagery and the wealth of thought of Shakespeare. In these renderings will be found a word which is unknown to Propertius, unknown, indeed, we believe, to Latin poetry. It is a necessary word, "sensa", "ideas", and the need for it is a significant comment on the difference between the Augustan and the Elizabethan. Some of the sonnets are easy-going, almost trivial; but the majority are so close-packed with thought as to form a very severe test for any translator. Is it possible, we ask, to say fairly in the same number of Latin lines all that Shakespeare has said? Even an expert might say—No; but we look at these pages and see the wonder achieved by a masterly command of idiom, and, we may add, of simplicity. The work emerges, as Gautier said, all the finer for its rebellious form. There is no room for the idle word, the kind of outworn ornament which, though long since futile and meaningless, flourishes in modern journalese. The whole thing is a feast for the stylist, the lover of idiom who hates blundering approximations.

Every page has given us a genuine delight, and no scholar of discernment will miss the finer points. Thus, "the proud, full sail of his great verse" gives us in Latin the effective alliteration, "velivoli versus splendore superbus", and the use of "is" and "iste" throughout is bold and right. After reading and re-reading the series with the attention which is its due our doubts and queries are few indeed. In Sonnet 12 we do not know why "night" has been made "black" instead of "hideous", "turpis", especially as "nigra" appears two lines below, for "sable". In Sonnet 18 "constans" has to mean "equable in temperature", an idea given better in the "temperies" of another famous rendering. In 35 "silver fountains" become "clara lympha"; we should almost have ventured "Bandusia" here. 61 is a little elaborate, and would lend itself to a simpler rendering. The opening of 99:

"The forward violet thus did I chide:

Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,

If not from my love's breath?"

is rendered:

"Incepito veris violam 'fur dulcis, odorem

Unde nisi ex dominae surripis ore meae'?"

This is a good specimen of the terse elegance of the translator. But surely the "forward violet" here does not mean the violet of spring, though some commentators take it so. Why should Shakespeare introduce a stock epithet? "Forward" in the sense of "malapert", the modest violet for once turned to thieving, is to the point. Further, even if the violet of spring is meant, "viola veris" is more like botanical Latin than classical.

There is nothing like this rendering as a tour de force, except, perhaps, the Omar Khayyâm of Fitzgerald in Latin elegiacs by another Oxford scholar, Mr. H. W. Greene.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. MARX.

"A History of Socialism." By Thomas Kirkup. Revised and largely rewritten by Edward R. Pease. Black. 5s. net.

THOUGH we cannot just now light on the passage, we believe Philip Gilbert Hamerton says in one of his essays that what a man really and absolutely believes, *he does*. It is a searching test, doubtless, and one which applied mercilessly might narrow down the absolute believers to a somewhat select circle! But say the test errs, then at least it errs on the right side: at least those who trumpet their beliefs in particularly brazen notes are always subject to it. Suppose a man says: "I am a great believer in the black gown, in Protestantism, and abhor the 'Scarlet Woman'"; yet we discover him regularly attending a Roman Catholic church and confessing: shall we not apply the test to him and conclude he does not really believe? Shall we not conclude he does not believe because he does not *do*?

Or suppose a man vows he is an out-and-out, an uncompromising, bald individualist, yet we find that he is, for example, a well-paid official in some collectivist society: shall we not have a right to say he does not truly believe because he does not *do*? The thing seems quite clear and convincing; but when the "Saturday Review" not long ago mildly reproached distinguished Socialist leaders for making fortunes by essentially individualist and commercial trading, there was indignation. Mean, contemptible, absurd, to expect a true believer to practise what he preaches! How stolid stupid, and what blundering British middle-class!

Yet, do what we may, this old embarrassing notion that practice should go with precept will keep on recurring; and one has scarcely read a dozen pages in Mr. Kirkup's interesting book ere it is suggested once again. "Whatever our opinion may be of the wisdom or practicability of their theories", says the author, "history proves that Socialists have been ready to sacrifice wealth, social position, and life itself, for the cause which they have adopted". We doubt not there have been such Socialists—not a few of them perhaps—Socialists who have really believed and have greatly striven to act up to their beliefs. But it is unfortunate that this book touches often on a Socialist, August Bebel, who obviously did *not* sacrifice wealth and life itself to the cause; and one notes that at least half a dozen other leading Socialists are mentioned in these pages who, far from sacrificing wealth by the profession of Socialism, have won and kept it largely by means of that profession. These are displeasing things to say, and one takes not the smallest delight in saying them. But it is extremely necessary to state this truth; and it may be that not a few of the really faithful among the followers of Marx—those who preach eloquently and who try their utmost to practise eloquently—will thank us for stating it.

The theory of Socialism is one of the most deeply interesting theories that has ever been argued. We can hardly imagine an alert and intelligent mind that is not curious about it. It is one for every thinking person, individualist, collectivist, and detached observer alike. The Franchise question is a poor little foible compared with it, and so are Free Trade, Disestablishment, Home Rule; for it intimately affects every one of us—Lazarus, Dives, upper-class, middle-class, working-class, old, young, man, woman. We need not wish for a much clearer handbook on the subject than the late Mr. Kirkup's, which Mr. Pease has revised and enlarged. Here we have excellent informative notes about the originators of the movement in France, England, and Germany—Robert Owen, Lassalle, Proudhon, Fourier; and though author and editor are fervent Socialists they are clever and shrewd enough to see and admit some terribly weak links in the chain of their heroes' arguments. Thus Marx is the giant—and, we take it, the saint—of Socialism. No name has anything like the authority, the sanctity, of his name among Socialists. Now Marx' great discovery was Surplus Value. Surplus

Value was to Marx what Natural Selection was to Darwin. He virtually founded Socialism on this, to him, impregnable rock. Alas, the rock already crumbles! It is dilapidated. Mr. Kirkup finds in Surplus Value a lost cause. Marx, he admits, was wrong about the surplus. He forgot all about the brains and energy of capital.

It strikes one there will be very little left of Darwin's Evolution if ever Darwin's Natural Selection is disposed of as freely as the Socialist who wrote this book disposes of Marx's great discovery! If Mr. Kirkup is right, what remains of Marx to-day is a great—name.

Mr. Kirkup's book on the whole is free from cant. But here and there are passages too reminiscent of the kind of impostor Charles Dickens loved to show up, the flowery humanitarian. For instance, "the entire human race" is to be "emancipated" by Socialism. There is to be no more "adulteration" under Socialism—the grocer's assistant, presumably, under this system will not be called on to dust the pepper and sand the sugar ere he goes in to prayers. And then beauty is to thrive under Socialism as it has never thriven under Individualism! In short, we suppose that—to borrow from Matthew Arnold—Socialism is but Beauty seen from another side.

A FIND.

"Lost Diaries." By Maurice Baring. Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.

WE are extremely glad that Mr. Baring found them. We often wondered why so many eminent persons failed to keep a diary, but now we see our mistake; it wasn't industry that was lacking, but care. Diaries get left about so. The value of Mr. Baring's discovery cannot be estimated too highly. We now know, for the first time, why King Cophetua returned alone from his honeymoon; what William the Conqueror thought of Harold's aberrations from the truth; what were the real circumstances which caused the Emperor Titus to exclaim that he had lost a day; with many other historical details at once curious and interesting.

There is an amazing amount of diversion in Mr. Baring's audacities. It is when you try to analyse the diversion, however, to find out "how it's done", that you begin to realise his variety in cleverness. Perhaps it would be near the mark to say that in the main he gets his effects by four methods. One section of the diaries succeeds by force of sheer fun and high spirits; such are Cophetua's, with an irresistibly laughable climax which shall not here be revealed; Hamlet's, kept when he studied at Balliol College and scandalised an easily recognisable Master by an Essay on Equality beginning "Treat all men as your equals, especially the rich"; and that of the Man in the Iron Mask, who used his great influence at Court to get put in prison because he couldn't find real quiet anywhere else. A second series depends on an imaginative realism best exemplified in the diary of Mrs. John Milton (*née* Powell). This is a capital piece of writing. The description of the growing incompatibility of temperament and opinions which culminated in the young wife's flight to her Royalist home reads like a record of sad and actual fact. There is not a word or incident in it that is at all improbable.

The author's next weapon is satire. His rapier flashes most keenly in the narratives of Iseult of Brittany, Froissart, war correspondent, George Washington, and Mrs. James Lee's Husband. But here, again, the reader is baffled by his elusiveness, for it is not always easy to see at what the satire is directed; whether in Iseult Mr. Baring is chaffing the old legends or human nature; whether in Mrs. James Lee's Husband he is making fun—quite kindly fun—of James Lee's wife or of Robert Browning! He is like the French falconers in Shakespeare: no sort of game comes amiss to him.

Finally, in a small group of diaries, of which the best are those of Ivan the Terrible and the Emperor

Tiberius, Mr. Baring, not, be it understood, without evoking smiles by the way, exercises an historical imagination of a high order. Possessed of a sympathetic insight into the hard cases of others, he is clearly attracted by such gloomy and formidable figures as Ivan and Tiberius. He desires to do them justice. This is not to say that he is likely to join at any time the noble host of whitewashers, but he is not one of those painters either who dip their brushes, as Browning once said, almost exclusively in blood red and lampblack. Now, in writing of Tiberius, Tacitus is generally thought to have fallen into this error. Mr. Baring clearly thinks so, for he gives us a very different Tiberius: a prince who is a comparatively harmless hypochondriac, who only wants to be let alone. It is at least plausible. And the portrait of Ivan is a piece of sheer sincerity. The disordered mind is indicated, the native ferocity mingled with the proud boast of reforms effected, the prescient horror of an unspeakable disaster. There is no jesting here. It is the more regrettable that in dealing with the fate of *Œdipus* Mr. Baring has not shown a similar respect for a tragedy no less terrific than Ivan's. Although the "*Œdipus Tyrannus*" has been placed by most modern critics at the very summit of the tragic art of Greece, there will always be those who hold that it exceeds the proper limits of the horrible. Be that as it may, the story is only endurable because of the sombre magnificence of its setting; but parodied, as it is here, it becomes positively revolting. For once Mr. Baring's tact and taste have failed him. This is the only blot on an otherwise admirable achievement, but it is so dark a blot that it must not be ignored.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

"The Life of Florence Nightingale." By Sir Edward Cook. Macmillan. 2 Vols. 30s. net.

BEFORE a saint gets his halo he has to do a terrible lot of common, rough work. Florence Nightingale has her halo—and if we had patron saints she would be the protector of the Army, hospitals, nurses, and generally of working women.

One smiles now at the pretty fantasy of the "*Lady of the Lamp*," so inadequate a representation of the great-brained, deep-thinking, wide-speculating, bold-planning, combative, commanding, imperious woman whom Sir Edward Cook reveals in these two volumes.

He gives us a great personal biography of a great subject, and he gives also what will be the authoritative history of the great external movements of which Florence Nightingale was the inspirer and initiator. Up to the time of her return from the Crimea we have biography of the highest quality. Then begins the period of War Office inquiries, sanitary reform, the organising of nurses, and establishment of hospitals. Without a superfluous word, yet this story, we feel, interrupts our view of personality, so fascinating up to this point. One is for all who love the great in mind and soul; the other for the Army Medical Corps and the hospital expert. True, the personality never disappears in the history, but it suffers some eclipse. We would have had it gathered into a focus, and that Sir Edward Cook should have given us the "*Life*" in the manner of Tacitus and Plutarch rather than of the modern biographer, who tells us what we ought to learn from the histories.

Did anyone, we wondered, ever compare Florence Nightingale with Joan of Arc? The comparison was made in 1855 by Lady Dunsany. In a letter to Lady Verney, Florence Nightingale's sister, we have this: "Joan of Arc was not more a creation of the moment, and for the moment, than F. Joan's was the same unearthly influence carrying all before its spirit's might. Joan's was the same strange and sexless identity which, belonging neither to man nor woman, seemed to disembody and combine the choicest results of both," and so on. Lord Dunsany, having no time to write, says "ditto to Mrs. Burke". This very kindly and cleverly and vaguely saves the intellectual superiority of the male, which had been pushed aside

by a woman in the Crimea. In truth, it was a triumph of sheer female intellect; cool and calculating, with a background of mysticism or daemonism; the temperament of great soldiers and leaders, civil and ecclesiastical. The men in the Crimea said, if "she" were out there Sebastopol would soon be taken. The Queen wrote: "Such a clear head; I wish we had her at the War Office". And the rare woman hardly ever seems purely intellectual as the intellectual man may be. She needs the spiritual impulse. Florence Nightingale had also heard the "voices". She looked forward as a girl to a call, a mission. She knew not what, but it was to be something religious or semi-religious which would take her out of the home circle and into a life occupation where the women of her day, and especially of her social position, were not permitted to enter. She chafed against her "gilded" cage, as she called it, as Octavia Hill and other clever women about the same time were chafing against conventional rules partly based on the assumed inferiority of the feminine intellect, partly on an exaggerated sentiment as to feminine delicacy and refinement. One may get a hint as to the direction in which the talents of most superior women are likely to run from observing that when Florence Nightingale and Octavia Hill set out to make an independent career, they both chose spheres of action for the practical and organising talent. In their selected fields they both achieved a success and an eminence which no woman has equalled in competition with men in literature, the arts, music, or the drama, where they have had fairly equal training and opportunities, at least since Florence Nightingale and Octavia Hill broke through the bars.

Florence Nightingale was splendidly educated. She had as much mathematics, and classics, and literature, though perhaps not science, as if she had been a Girton or a Newnham girl. But the education was with a view to matrimony. It was conceived that her natural and only career was to be the wife of some man of great position; probably a statesman such as Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary of War—who later introduced her to her Crimean career and made it possible. The education showed a high ideal of the requirements of matrimony which may have fallen somewhat since; but by the time Florence Nightingale was ready for marriage she appears deliberately to have put it aside for ever. She had found a vocation, and she refused her suitors. She, daughter though she was of a Unitarian, a creed rather positive than mystical, had been drawn to Catholic books of devotion, and the lives of the great mystics who were also the founders and organisers of the Orders. It is quite easy to imagine her vocation if she had been of the Roman and not of the Anglican Church.

When it was decided that she should be trained for and devote herself to nursing, there was no romantic public feeling about the occupation. After her return from the Crimea the well-known Nightingale Fund was started. Great ladies, says Sir Edward, regarded the attempt to raise the status of nurses as a silly fad. "*Lady Pam*", wrote Lord Granville, "thinks the Nightingale Fund great humbug. 'The nurses are very good now; perhaps they do drink a little, but so do the ladies' monthly nurses, and nothing can be better than them; poor people, it must be so tiresome sitting up all night'." So *Lady Pam*, characteristically. Mrs. Gamp was the typical nurse of the period. She was, as Forster told in his "*Life of Dickens*", in reality a person hired by a most distinguished friend of his own (Dickens's), a lady to take charge of an invalid very dear to her. According to Florence Nightingale herself the hospitals were a school for immorality and impropriety.

Mr. Nightingale and his family were startled and opposed, but inquiries discovered a Brighton doctor who maintained that "women of a proper age and character are not unfit for such cases. Age, habit, and office give the mind a different turn." He was in advance of the average opinion of his time. Florence would have to go to Paris, where the opportunities were better than in London. One who had been at

the "Maternité" informed the Nightingales that the life there was coarse. "In the clinique obstétricale the élèves have the reputation of being pretty generally the students' mistresses". Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, an American pioneer among women doctors, told her she would have to don pantaloons, and might pass muster, with her deep voice, if she would "sacrifice her mass of beautiful dark auburn hair".

There were no women nurses in the military hospitals. Anæsthetics were introduced several years before Florence Nightingale started on her career, but the antiseptic treatment was still not in use, and the hospitals were foul with fever and gangrene. They were really not places for the young lady until the young lady who entered them in 1852 started a reformation which completed the work of Simpson and of Lister and has saved as many lives. All that she did, and how she did it, needs the luminous and voluminous pages of Sir Edward Cook to recount. He disposes of much of the false sentiment that gathered round Florence Nightingale, naturally enough, at the Crimea time. The "ministering angel" was a good deal like, but more unlike, what the popular sentimentality made of her. She believed in science, which few of her contemporaries did. She was pitiful and gracious, but she worked her miracles by mental energy and business organisation. She was pious, and she taught that nursing should be a sort of spiritual vocation, but that piety without skill was worse than useless. She gave a new direction to the activities of women. They were to share in whatever might be going, on condition that they were capable. The idea, at any rate, that this was feasible came in with the Crimea War and Florence Nightingale. How far it is to go is still unsettled. No doubt Florence Nightingale exploited her sex. She did much that she could not have done if she had been a man, and men helped her as they would not have done if she had not been a woman. It is a rather awkward fact; and even to know that Florence Nightingale was in favour of votes for women does not quite restore confidence in face of it.

RUSSIA.

"Modern Russia." By Gregor Alexinsky. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

THE author, in an introduction to the English edition of his work, speaks of the ignorance of the public regarding Russian affairs. But if this ignorance could be dispelled by books it would have disappeared long ago, for we have been pelted with books on Russia—written by the learned as well as by the ignorant—for years past. But whereas in the past we have had to rely on the conclusions of foreign observers, the Russians have of late taken to writing about themselves.

Mr. Alexinsky is an ex-deputy of the Duma, and he looks at his country through the glasses of European constitutionalism, tinted somewhat deeply with industrial leanings. He is of those who see in agriculture the drag on the wheel of political progress, his scorn is all for the peasant's content, his hope in the operative's dissatisfaction. Yet he draws a very fair picture of his country, though the bias against bureaucracy and aristocracy is always somewhat too apparent, and he is content to quote authorities whose names have greater weight than his own—Klutchevsky for history, Pierre Chasles on the Duma, Lositsky on the proletariat, Professor Migulin on finance, Rojkov on sociology, and Tughan-Baranovsky on economics. There is nothing new in his book, but there is a good deal of condensed and well classified information. It errs, as do many books on Russia, from a desire to be too complete. Nothing can be gained by treating of Russian literature in thirty pages, though perhaps its tendency might have been discussed, if any tendency could be discovered. Nor can any idea of the ramifications of the *raskol*, or schism, be given in the third of a chapter, and the effect of compression may be seen in the account of the *chlystovstvo*, the strangest,

psychically, of all the *raskolniki*, which omits altogether the strange central grossness and barbarity of the creed that is the sole excuse for its sensual excesses. All the *raskolniki* are interesting in themselves, interesting in their perverted spirituality, and interesting in their relation to orthodoxy and the life of the people. But they are not the least interesting when crammed into a chapter to give a look of completeness to a work on Russia.

It is quite impossible to put, except as a mere catalogue, all that there is to be told, even superficially, about Russia into a single volume, and it would be more profitable if writers would select a central theme and deal only with the material which may illuminate it. Mr. Alexinsky has a theme which absorbs his attention, and it would have been better had he adopted some title relating to Tsarism, and given us just so much of Russia as bore upon his title. He may urge that every activity in the country would have a bearing on such a theme, and that is true; but in this book we are given facts and not their bearing, though the mere facts are only of value as filling out the title, and sometimes they are not quite accurate, as when 1800 is given as the year of Tchekhov's birth.

The author points out, though it has to be but briefly, the growing power of Russia's trade, the great advance in the value of her products, and the rapid development of her capital. Yet he seems to take gloomy views of her immediate future, the shadow of Tsarism and of its attendant aristocracy and bureaucracy falling darkly across his view. He describes the economic and social life of a Russian village as "more than melancholy", "the slow death of creatures incessantly hungry"; but this really seems too much the view of an "intellectual" who has never been in very close touch with the people, and who measures their standard of misery and satisfactions by his own. The trouble of the Russian peasant is rather that he is incessantly thirsty, and is offered by his own Government too many facilities for quenching his thirst. Mr. Alexinsky quotes M. Bernatzky on the agrarian question, but M. Bernatzky is a confirmed pessimist, and pessimism is an easy extract from agriculture, especially from the primitive kind that the Russian peasant employs. It certainly is not intensive, but intensive cultivation requires capital, and capital in Russia is diverted to mines and manufactures.

The author is plainly relieved to discover that the *mir*, the rural commune, is not a peculiarity of Russian life; he evidently does not enjoy the thought of anything communistic flourishing under an autocracy, and takes pleasure in pointing out that the same Government which in the name of the old tradition preserved the commune, and isolated it from the rest of society, also impelled it towards its dissolution. And that is the case, since in order to pay the heavy taxes the mujiks were compelled to cultivate wheat, their most profitable crop, instead of the varied vegetables the commune required. Thus it ceased to be self-sufficient, and it was weakened also by the gradual dissolution of the "great family" of the Russian Slav on which so much of the communal system was founded, though even to-day the "great family" has not altogether disappeared, despite the drain of the younger people to industrialism and the towns.

Nor must the author's deductions be altogether trusted when he treats of the deterioration of the army, however effective may be the figures he quotes. He has a democratic contempt for the army as an instrument of Tsarism, but he seems too optimistic when debating the impossibility of its taking the field in the near future. His financial figures may be accurate, but of his certainty that no State so impoverished could venture on war, we are more doubtful. Poverty never prevented a fight. The book is well worth reading, but it must be read without forgetting that the author is an ex-deputy of the Duma.

NOVELS.

"The Race of Castlebar." By Emily Lawless and Shan F. Bullock. Murray. 6s.

THIS is the last work of a gifted writer. It was finished by Mr. Bullock after the death of Miss Lawless, but the collaboration was designed in her lifetime, for, as she tells us in a preface note, in which she explains the extent of the collaboration, inveterate ill-health decided that the book should be carried less than half-way towards its end. Miss Lawless could hardly have called in a more skilful collaborator than Mr. Bullock, or one more imbued with the spirit of the times of which she writes. It is an adventurous romance of the stirring times in Ireland during the French invasion under Humbert in 1798. There are three drawbacks to the book. One is that it is written in the first person and is set forth as a narrative addressed by one brother to another—a style of writing usually monotonous, which only the greatest novelists have been able to adopt successfully. Then the love story of the two chief characters is extremely uninteresting and it is impossible to be enthusiastic over it. One feels that Miss Lawless probably became rather bored with it herself. And, finally, Miss Lawless has been unhappy in her names. The hero and ostensible narrator of the story is called—Bunbury. It is impossible to take seriously a man called Bunbury. The name has its inevitable and unforgettable associations. The real value of the book lies not in its love interest, or in its story, but in the graphic picture of the state of Ireland and the Irish at a very interesting period of history. The state of affairs at Castle Byrne, where the Protestant branch of the family lives in one part of the great castle and the older dispossessed Catholic branch in another, is typical of the condition of Ireland at the time.

How the invasion took place and why it had a brief success, which was speedily converted into a dismal failure, are shown in this book, which exhibits insight into the character of the Irish and a keen reading of the lessons of history. From the inside of the palace of the peace-making Bishop of Killala we look on at the clash of creeds, the family feuds, the factions and the general unrest, and Mr. Bullock guides us safely through. The book has some picturesque and coloured writing. It is full of romance and movement and may be safely recommended to those who like novels with a historical flavour.

"The Ring of Necessity." By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. Alston Rivers. 6s.

Considered simply as a sketch of a single character, this book is one on which we can honestly congratulate the author. Maria Massingbird lives and dies in its pages, and her figure continues to live in our thoughts long after the novel has been closed. Some, who did not know her, would doubtless have described her as "a decayed gentlewoman"; the description, however, would have been inaccurate. It is true that she kept and rejoiced in her memories of better days, and told endless stories of the great Victorians who had sat at her father's overlaid board. Yet there was no mourning "dyspepsia and despair". Those who met her saw the pathos of her position, but she always gave the laugh back to Fate, and even in the last stages of poverty she made no whining. Upon Maria's character the whole book has to stand or fall, for the rest of the tale is almost too slight to mention. Her friendship with Mrs. Derrimore, one of her wealthy neighbours, leads us to some chapters on matrimonial matters and the divorce court, though we have small chance to become interested in the people concerned. The author's attempt to describe how marriage knots are disentangled by judge and jury is mainly notable as providing examples of all that which the law of evidence most carefully excludes.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Tom Brown's School Days." Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d. net

"Tom Brown" is treated here rightly as a classic. "Tom Brown" is not yet upon the top shelf with books universally admired but seldom read. But already it is on the way. As Hazlitt said in his time of the English comic writers, "Tom Brown" begins a little to "smack". Footnotes appear with authority upon the page; and an editor speaks with authority in the introduction. Equally as editor and publisher Mr. Frank Sidgwick must be praised for this book. His "editor's note" gives one briefly and clearly a history of the book and of the author. It identifies the characters and discusses all incidental things with sound judgment of what really matters and how much of it is required. Excellent, too, is the plan of illustrating the book with good photographs of buildings and places mentioned in the text. These are better than the illustrations which, at their best, could not have pleased the host of people who have their own ideas as to these things. Here, then, is "Tom Brown" in sweet and commendable form for the rare book it is—one more curious example of the rare book written by a man who was never able to write so well again. Tom Hughes was a one-book author, like Blackmore and FitzGerald; but the one book is worth many a more fluent author's thirty-odd volumes—a book over which Kingsley (who read it in MS. for Macmillan) laughed and cried to his heart's content. Very consonantly the present edition opens with a preface by Lord Kilbracken.

"Lucy Bettesworth." By George Bourne. Duckworth. 6s.

To all those who know the people of the southern counties of England this book will bring the delight in which surprise plays no part. It comes as a clear vision of men, women, and things, with whom and with which they are perfectly familiar. The Bettesworths are to be instantly recognised, though their kind may now be departing from the land on which they worked for their span of life. They are as far removed from the comic yoke of the cockney humourist's imagination as from the sentimental peasant of the politician's dream. Mr. Bourne happens to write of Surrey, and we can easily understand that the Bettesworth type grows rare in a county which London daily conquers, but a little further west he might yet find them surviving the steam-plough and the elevators of straw and humanity.

Happily he is not a writer with any partisan bias. He tells us truthfully how grim is the struggle to live on the agricultural labourer's wage, but that is only part of the battle with Nature's stern forces. Mr. Bourne is among the very few who have done justice to the countryman's somewhat stealthy humour, and we are glad that he often returns to this subject. The queer and monkey-like tricks which used to "terrify" some member of the community have always been accepted rustic sports. Some of them are recounted here with all the vigour of their native fun, and they are given with the same sincerity which the author shows in his more serious passages.

"St. Basil the Great." By W. K. Lowther Clarke. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

St. Basil is the great father and patriarch of the Eastern monks. It was he who reduced the monastic life to uniformity, who united the anchorites and cenobites and obliged them to engage themselves by solemn vows. It was St. Basil who prescribed rules for the government and direction of the monasteries to which most of the disciples of Anthony, Pachomius and Macarius and the other ancient fathers of the deserts submitted. And to this day all the Greeks, Nestorians, Melchites, Georgians, and Armenians follow the rule of St. Basil. In this clear and careful book Mr. Lowther Clarke gives not only an account of the life of St. Basil and an examination of his "Ascectica", but a sympathetic study of monasticism. He compares Cappadocian monachism with the systems that existed in Egypt in the first half of the fourth century, and the subsequent institutions of both East and West. He finds the origin of asceticism in the original deposit of Christianity. The specific forms which asceticism assumed in the Church during the first four centuries after Christ may well have been conditioned by the existing state of society, but the thing itself was inherent in Christianity from the beginning. A clear distinction must be drawn between asceticism and monasticism. Asceticism is a necessary element in all the higher religions, and implies severe self-discipline exercised for religious ends in regard to the natural desires of the body and the attractions of the world. Monasticism is the special form which owing to a variety of causes the ascetic spirit assumed in the fourth century. While viewing sympathetically the revival of monasticism in the English Church, Mr. Clarke would rather see arising in the future societies of men and women not bound by the Western monastic tradition, but allowing themselves the fullest freedom both in adopting old rules and experimenting in new directions. There is much in the literature of St. Basil that might provide hints for such a development.

"Margaret's Book." By H. Fielding-Hall. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

In all Mr. Fielding-Hall writes there is sympathy. The simple fairy tales which make up the volume reveal him very attractively and exhibit his facility for taking the ordinary things of every-day life and transmuting them. Written originally for his own children, to whom they are dedicated, they cannot fail to appeal to all who have imagination. They are beautifully illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson. Nothing but truth, writes Mr. Fielding-Hall, must be given children. They trust you and are helpless; never mislead them. And so in his fairy tales he allows his imagination to illumine facts, but the facts are true. The natural history is what he has learnt from the observation of nature. The tragedies of Bittern and White Ruff and Cuckoo are from life. He realises that there is nothing that children resent more than being given fiction for fact, except being given facts that are dead. And he thinks that the real fairies are that true imagination and sympathy which are in every child who is born and which should never be allowed to die. For the fairy of the child "becomes the God of Life and Truth to the man or woman, giving life and understanding to all about us, and if the child does not believe in fairies neither will the man or woman understand God."

"Macdonald of the Isles." By A. M. W. Stirling. John Murray. 12s.

This history of Clan Donald traces that ancient kith and kin from the dim ages of myth and fable, when Tara's halls still held the throne of the Irish Kings and the lyre wailed through its embrasures, down to the present day. There are strange tales of the gallant warrior Somerled and of Godfrey Du, or the Black who had his eyes put out, "which we are told was accomplished out of vengeance by a hermit appropriately named Mac Poke, because Godfrey Du had killed his father formerly". It is a long story from "Conn of a Hundred Fights", that Ard Righ or Supreme King of Erin, down to the present 14th Baronet and 21st Chief of Sleat, Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles, but Mr. Stirling accomplishes it creditably.

"Sorrelsykes." By Harold Armitage. Wheeler. 6s.

Mr. Armitage has a sense of Dickensian humour and "Sorrelsykes" is indeed an "abounding book", packed with incidents, some merry, some gruesome; charged with a deep love for old gardens, old halls, old farm houses, woods, lanes and meadows. "Sorrelsykes" is a Yorkshire village, and Mr. Armitage comes from the stock of the yeomen, and many quaint, delightful things he has to say of old-world superstitions drifting down from ages pre-historic, of village-mummers performing miracle-plays and even of the once popular aversion from bathing!

"The Primitive Family as an Educational Agency." By Arthur James Todd. Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.

This is frankly a thesis to prove a conclusion. The family is found guilty, and its educational value in primitive history denied. The home and the value of the home is a late idea. As Dr. Todd very reasonably observes, in primitive tribes, where parents eat their children, the community is at least as likely to be an educative force as the family. The case against this book is that it goes through many diverse and complex primitive institutions looking for illustrations of a theory. This is perilous progress in a subject strewn with so many extraordinary contradictions and mysteries as that fascinating province in which Dr. Frazer continues to labour. Dr. Todd is well-read; he writes clearly and arranges his facts to advantage. His book is susceptible of defence against those who do not accept his conclusions as a necessary protest against the large class of writers who regard the historic case for the family as proved.

"More About Collecting." By Sir James Yoxall. Stanley Paul. 5s.

Sir James Yoxall has written the book of the connoisseur and he flits genially from one delightful topic to another—from salt-glaze ware and blue dash chargers, from quaint brown Jackfield, old Leeds and Bristol to Chippendale, Gillow and Hepplewhite chairs, the heavy almost Oriental carving of the Jacobean period and the cut glass, prints, books and bookplates dear to the artistic soul. Sir James has the collector's instinct and the collector's luck. He is tantalising when, after describing some special rarity, he almost invariably ends with "as I look up I see before me a copy I bought for half-a-crown".

"Two on a Tour in South America." By Anna Wentworth Sears. Appleton. \$2.00 net.

This is quite a characteristic American book, so that reading we can hear the twang of it. Travel books, as we know them to-day, are distinguished by style—and not always for substance—and there has scarcely been a travel book that counts much as literature since the reprint of Doughty's great work on Arabia a few years ago. This book does not aim at such distinction, but it must be said it is quite up to the average Englishman's or Englishwoman's touring chronicle; and it deals with a marvellous land. Chili and Ecuador and Peru and Brazil—not even oil concessions and rubber companies can quite spoil us for the glorious romance of those names.

BOOKS RECEIVED.**ART.**

Royal Academy Lecture on Painting (George Clausen). Methuen. 6s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

The Voyage of the Hoppergrass (Edmund Lester Pearson). Macmillan. 6s.

The Stranger at the Gate (Mabel Osgood Wright). Macmillan. 6s.

HISTORY AND ARCHEOLOGY.

The Early Weights and Measures of Mankind (General Sir Charles Warren). Palestine Exploration Fund. 7s. 6d. net.

County Churches—Kent (Francis Grayling). Allen. 2 vols. 2s. 6d. net each.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

The Life of the Mollusca (B. B. Woodward). Methuen. 6s.

Hunting the Elephant in Africa (Captain C. H. Stigand). Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

Who's Who. 15s. net; The Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory (Edited by G. E. Mitton). 2s. 6d. net; The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book (Edited by G. E. Mitton); Who's Who Year-Book. Black. 1s. net each.

The Keeper's Partridge Pocket Book and Register (J. Archd. Allen). Knight. 1s. net.

Who's Who in Science (edited by H. H. Stephenson). Churchill. 10s. net.

The Guide to South and East Africa (edited by A. Samler Brown and G. Gordon Brown). Sampson Low.

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionship (edited by Arthur G. M. Hesibrige). Dean. 31s. 6d. net.

Anglo-Russian Diary for 1914. Anglo-Russian Trust. 1s. net.

The Medical Who's Who. London and Counties Press Association. 10s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS.

The Poetical Works of William Blake (edited by John Sampson). Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

Imperialism and Mr. Gladstone, 1876-1887 (R. H. Gretton). Bell. 1s. net.

Theatre de Corneille; Théâtre Complet de Racine. Vol. II; Fables de La Fontaine. Paris: Hachette. 1 fr. each.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

*Bell's Simplified Latin Classics (edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by S. E. Winbolt). Sallust's Catiline; The Agricola of Tacitus. 1s. 6d. each; Macaulay's War of the Succession in Spain (edited by A. W. Ready). Bell. 1s.

Exercises from a New Algebra. Parts I-IV. (S. Barnard and J. M. Child). Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Common Sense: An Analysis and Interpretation (Charles E. Hopper). Watts. 2s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

The Secret Doctrine in Israel (Arthur Edward White). Rider. 10s. 6d. net.

Worship and Work (Canon S. A. Barnett). Letchworth: Garden City Press.

The Eschatology of Jesus (H. Latimer Jackson). Macmillan. 5s. net.

God and the World: A Survey of Thought (Arthur W. Robinson). S.P.C.K. 1s. net.

Forgiveness and Suffering: A Study of Christian Belief (Douglas White). Cambridge: At the University Press. 3s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

The Sign of the Tree (Harriet Mason Kilburn). 3s. 6d. net; Echoes (A. L. H. Anderson). 2s. 6d. net. Elkin Mathews.

At Oxford and other Poems (Bernard W. Henderson). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.

Mary Goes First: A Comedy in Three Acts and an Epilogue (Henry Arthur Jones). Bell. 1s. net.

Representative English Comedies (edited by Charles Mills Gayley). Vol. II. The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare: Ben Jonson and others. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

Collected Poems (Newman Howard). Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Rose Windows (Robert Valentine Heckscher). Book I. Allen. 3s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Another Book of the Sirens (Rathmell Wilson). Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.

Epochs of Civilisation (Pranatha Nath Bose). Calcutta: Newman. Powers and Aeronautics, The. Murray. 1s. net.

Nationality and Home Rule (The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M.P.). Longmans. 6d. net.

Splendid Wayfaring, The (Haldane Macfall). Simpkin. 10s. 6d. net.

Tango and How to Dance It, The (Gladys Beattie Crozier). Melrose. 2s. 6d. net.

War and the Workers (Norman Angell). National Labour Press. 1s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.—The Geographical Journal, 2s.; The English Church Review, 6d. net; Rivista Ligure; Journal of the Marine Biological Association, 2s. 6d. net; Journal of the Manchester Egyptian and Oriental Society, 5s. net; Wild Life, 2s. 6d. net; The Round Table, 2s. 6d. net; United Empire, 1s. net; The Irish Review, 6d. net.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

THE chief topic of discussion on the Stock Exchange this week has been the Canadian Pacific issue. A great deal of criticism has been aroused by the fact that the company is raising capital on such onerous terms as $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. plus 20 per cent. on the ultimate redemption of the bonds. Strictly speaking, the new securities are not bonds; they are called note certificates. But as they have the guarantee of the company as to interest, and are secured on the proceeds of land sales, they certainly rank as bonds of a good class. The reply to the charge that the company is financing its capital requirements in an expensive manner is that no such criticism has ever been made when the company issued common stock at prices well below the market quotation.

For the stockholders the scheme is very advantageous. They have the opportunity of subscribing for note certificates at 80 which are valued in the market at well over par. Moreover, the first instalment of 38 per cent. is not due before February 2, and the final payment of 42 per cent. need not be made before March 2. The scheme is therefore justified by the fact that it gives the stockholders a bonus such as they had been led to expect from the previous methods of financing of the company's capital needs, which never before have been called in question.

Many of the adverse comments made during the week have been based on misunderstandings of the terms of the scheme, and it must be admitted as regrettable that the Board should have brought forward a proposal capable of misconstruction, especially at a time when many financial critics are convinced that Canadian credit requires very careful handling in view of the tremendous demands for capital which have been made by the Dominion in the last few years.

The result of the Canadian loan was not at all encouraging. No less than 83 per cent. of the total remained in the hands of the underwriters. The failure, however, is more apparent than real. The abstention of investors from big new capital issues is becoming a habit. By experience they have learned that by waiting they are able to buy cheaper in the open market than by subscribing on the prospectus. Since the result was published there has been good buying, and, in consequence, those who waited in the hope of getting in at a good discount have been disappointed.

Evidently the Canadian demands for cash have by no means come to an end. The Grand Trunk Railway, which has been a big borrower during the year, has now applied for sanction to a further issue of 4 per cent. debenture stock for not more than £2,500,000, and the output of municipal loans is only limited by the public demand for such securities. At the same time, other Colonial issues are under contemplation.

In all the circumstances, it is not surprising that business on the Stock Exchange has once more been reduced to extremely small dimensions. Consols, in the absence of support from the Government broker, have declined, mainly under the influence of Mr. Asquith's foreshadowing of the revision of income-tax, and partly owing to the poor reception of the Canadian loan. As regards international finance, the postponement of the big French loan may be in some respects considered a favourable factor; it will permit the issue of several Balkan loans, and so relieve the banks, which at present hold large amounts of short-term securities; but this will not have the same effect of drawing money out of the French stocking as would the flotation of the £52,000,000 French loan. Furthermore, financiers in Paris are despondent concerning the political situation, and this is likely to be reflected on the stock markets.

Home Railway stocks have benefited from the settlement of the labour troubles in South Wales, but for the present the public demand seems to have been satisfied, and prices, therefore, have a sagging ten-

dency. American Rails remain wholly inactive, and in the foreign railway department the chief features are of an unfavourable character, such as the deplorable falling off in the National of Mexico earnings, the reduction of the Inter-oceanic dividend, and, as regards Argentines, poor traffic indications.

Even in the Oil share market business has become ominously quiet. The success of the Royal Dutch issue seemed to be the signal for a spell of inactivity. By the way, a further issue of Royal Dutch shares is expected early next year.

Mining markets have assumed a better complexion, which must be regarded as mildly satisfactory for trust companies whose accounts are made up to the end of the year. A small general recovery will make a considerable difference to their balances. Rhodesians in this way are attracting a little speculative attention, though the rise has scarcely the appearance of permanency.

Consols (Thursday's closing) $71\frac{1}{8}$ for money and 72 for the account, a decline of $\frac{3}{8}$ on the week.

Bank rate 5 per cent. (raised from $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. October 2).

Next general carry-over December 27.

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Two policies recently introduced by this important Edinburgh office call for notice, because of their obvious utility in cases that are likely to arise with comparative frequency. Convertible term policies have for a long time been in favour among business and professional men, as the payment of a moderate annual premium obtains a large amount of cover during the first few years, when the business or profession is being established. Most contracts of this kind are, however, of a hard and fast nature, and there was unquestionably room for improvement. In the contract offered by the Standard Life the minimum premium is paid for 10, 15, 20, or 25 years, and the assured has the option of converting his policy at any time prior to the last five years of the term, without further medical examination, into a whole-life or endowment assurance, and subsequently pay premiums

(Continued on page 756.)

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corresponding to the age at which the conversion was made. This provision is manifestly fair, and the office further guarantees that the premium payable on conversion shall not exceed the charge made at the time the policy is taken out. On the other hand, should the premium be reduced hereafter, the assured is given the benefit.

A second improvement may also be mentioned. Income both from businesses and professions constantly vary, and when larger profits are made the assured can at any time previous to conversion pay supplementary premiums and secure additional benefits. The one proviso made is that these supplementary payments must not exceed twice the amount of the minimum premiums paid. Moreover, in the event of death before conversion, the office is pledged to return all such supplementary premiums accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest, or to treat them in the same way if paid-up assurance is desired at the time of conversion, or should the policy be discontinued. In this case, therefore, an offer is made to allow 4 per cent. compound interest on deposits, which can subsequently be had back or used in buying additional life assurance. Only an extremely wealthy company, earning a specially high rate of interest on its funds, could afford to make such an offer, and its possibility may be said to be due to the fact that the Standard Life has obtained a strong foothold abroad and has a large percentage of its funds invested at most remunerative rates.

In the second scheme, which is somewhat less original, the assured obtains a whole-life with profits assurance, with premium payments limited to twenty in number, and the bonuses are allotted in the usual way. Novelty is introduced—first, by the provision that these bonuses are for the first four quinquenniums to be converted into larger deferred reversionary bonuses vesting at the end of the twenty-year period; and, secondly, by the guarantee that the total amount of such increased bonuses shall equal or exceed £35 per £100 assured. The effect of this guarantee is to give the policy at the end of the period a surrender value in excess of the amount paid in premiums, and life assurance for the first twenty years is actually obtained at no cost except the sacrifice of the greater part of the interest that might have been earned on the twenty premium instalments. Subsequent to the initial period the policy becomes an ordinary whole-life assurance, with profits, and calls for no special remark beyond the statement that bonuses, in addition to those guaranteed, may be declared, in which case their cash value would be added to the guaranteed minimum surrender value.

APOLOGY.

Our attention has been directed by Mr. F. Hugh O'Donnell to passages on pages 337 and 338 in Mr. Algar L. Thorold's "Life of Henry Labouchere," published by us, with reference to the action for libel brought by Mr. O'Donnell against *The Times* in the year 1888 in connection with the articles "Parnellism and Crime" which were published in that newspaper. As Mr. O'Donnell considered these passages to contain reflections upon him, we immediately drew Mr. Thorold's attention to his complaint, with the result that Mr. Thorold at once revised the passages, and all future copies of the book will contain the passages so revised.

We desire to state at the earliest possible moment that there is no foundation whatever for any imputation on Mr. O'Donnell, and we regret the pain and annoyance which Mr. O'Donnell has been inadvertently caused by the publication of the passages in question.

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THE OIL TRUST, LIMITED.

Sir John Lane Harrington, K.C.M.G. (the Chairman), presiding at the General Meeting of the Oil Trust, Limited, held at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on Thursday, December 12, 1913. When I had the misfortune—because it is nothing else—to become chairman of this company I made the statement that I had examined the affairs of the company, and was satisfied, and I expressed great hopes for the company. I made those statements on statements which were made to me, and had those statements been true, I should not have had to place before you the report I have done this year. I have probably been one of the reasons of my success in life—of which I may claim a little—that I have been accustomed, in dealing with men, to give them my full confidence and believe in their honesty until I found out that confidence was misplaced. Perhaps it was a mistake. That I can not say, but a man does not alter his way of life in five minutes. It has been a considerable source of satisfaction to me to receive a number of letters from shareholders in the company supporting me in what I have done, and I think it is no exaggeration on my part to say that if I had not stuck to the line there would not now have been a single penny in the coffers of the Oil Trust; but, to use a common expression, you would have been "up the spout" long ago. Certain business transactions, I stated not to be referred to in one of the circulars I have seen. Those were the North Caucasian, the Central Carpathian Oilfields, and the Taranaki (New Zealand) Oil Wells company. The Oil Trust never had a large interest in the North Caucasian Oilfields. It might have had if the money had not been somewhere else. As a result of this business, which was brought to the company in April, 1911, the company appears to have made a profit of about £1,700 in cash and £375 in shares. It also subscribed for £3,500 of shares. Of the £3,500 worth of shares subscribed for £3,000 were sold, as the company was in need of cash, in April, 1912, and the balance was subsequently sold prior to the period under review. During the period under review the company acquired a block of shares which have been sold at a profit of about £1,700, which profit is included in the profit and loss account and is being used for the purpose of writing off losses made previously. The Central Carpathian Oilfields was a transaction brought to the company during the time that I was chairman; but it was a business which I never liked from the first, and I think that subsequent events have justified the opinion that I formed of the business at the time. I was in a minority on the board. The Oil Trust was under a very heavy liability in the matter, and had we been called upon suddenly to meet this liability the Oil Trust would have gone under. The British Empire Oilfields, Limited, was used by the previous directors of the Oil Trust for the purpose of carrying out the flotation of the Taranaki (New Zealand) Oil Wells, Limited. In the opinion of your directors the flotation of the Taranaki Company should have been carried out by the Oil Trust. I do not see that there was any need for this business to be put through by a separate company, so that one member of the board might considerably benefit therefrom. All the money necessary to carry out the flotation of the Taranaki Company was lent to the British Empire Oilfields by the Oil Trust. The profit which the Oil Trust made out of the transaction was included in the last balance-sheet, and, with other profits made, had to be utilised for the purpose of writing off a portion of the preliminary expenses and a portion of the losses made by our predecessors. We have not yet used the British Empire Oilfields as we thought; seeing that the company had cost the Oil Trust about £750 to register it was a pity to wind it up. It is not costing us anything to keep it alive, as none of the directors or managing directors are at present drawing any fees. There is a possibility of future success if the capital is reduced, and once we are clear of litigation. A suggestion has been made to me that there is a possibility on the part of some shareholders that voluntary liquidation may be suggested. I think I may as well tell you right away that if I have anything to do with it there will be no voluntary liquidation whatever. If there is to be a liquidation at all it shall be a compulsory liquidation.

Mr. Francis Allan, a director, handed in his resignation, and after a long discussion an amendment was carried appointing a committee to advise with whom the directors might consult as to new business, and as to any proceedings that might be taken in connection with the money which had been lost. The resolution for the reduction of capital aroused a strong protest, and it was decided to postpone this suggestion.

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ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS

The Earl of Bessborough, C.V.O., C.B. (the Chairman), presiding at the Ordinary General Meeting of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, Limited, held at the Colborn Restaurant on Thursday, December 12, 1913. The profit earned is about £8,000 less than in last accounts. Nearly £11,000 of this decrease is owing to our having treated 5,700 tons less than in the previous year. This however, is not a profit lost but only deferred, as that tonnage is still in the ore reserves. The expenses, in round figures, are £19,000 more than in the previous year, and this is accounted for mainly by the difficulties which were experienced at the mines during the last five months of the financial year. The developed ore reserves now in the mines represent an increase in value for the first time for several years. This year's reserve, for instance, is equivalent in round figures to three years' profit at the rate of £200,000, or four years at the rate of £150,000 per annum. Up to recently the cost figures have benefited by the fact that a relatively large proportion of the ore consisted of very cheaply mined—"quarried"—would be a better term—and inexpensively treated oxidized ore from justices. This material has been gradually coming to an end, and is now finished. To replace it we are substituting far or quantities of Obinasi shute ore, which is much more difficult and expensive to mine and treat, and of Ayein ore, which is also more costly to work. This substitution of one class of ore for another makes a difference to the general cost of 8.1 per ton out of the 5s. 11d. difference for the twelve months this reviewed by the consulting engineer. Expenditure on development is only slightly higher than in the previous year, and in view of the excellent results obtained I fancy no one will be inclined to quarrel with the increase in that item. During the twelve months surveyed in the technical report, however, the development expenditure and prospecting are divided over a small ore tonnage than in the previous year, which makes a difference to the cost per ton of another 1s. 8d. The balance of increase in cost is due almost entirely to the fact that in order to improve extractions, the refractory ore is being roasted and treated slower than formerly, which naturally entails a somewhat higher cost for fuel, stores, furnace repairs, spares, &c. I think that an increase in extraction of 5s for every ton of ore treated at the central treatment plant, at an additional cost of less than 2s. per ton, will strike you as good business. It is a great satisfaction to learn that No 10 level on the Obinasi shute has developed such a very fine run of ore. The ore body prove there measures 360 ft. long by an average width of 19 ft., and assays over 32 dwt. At No. 11, our present lowest level, the whole length is not yet proved, but according to latest mail advices, dated November 20, the dimensions and value at that date exposed were 200 ft. long by 15 ft. wide, averaging 51 dwt. This represents 14,000 tons more than the consulting engineer estimated in September 30, and is an addition of over £100,000 gross to the ore reserves. Including the dividend, which will be posted this afternoon, we have distributed £1,093,378, and the present technical report shows that we had at September 30 last a further profit in sight of nearly £200,000. As I have previously mentioned, that position has since slightly improved. Current developments are very good, and those that may transpire in the near future should be full of interesting possibilities. Extractions at the central treatment plant, where the bulk of our ore is dealt with, have improved from 87 per cent. to over 92 per cent. The labour position, and the steps taken to mitigate the difficulties have been fully explained, as well as our reasons for believing that the shortage will neither be continuous nor permanent. Taking into consideration all these points, I think you will agree that we are justified in considering the present position as satisfactory, as we state in our report, and, I may add, we regard the future outlook as distinctly encouraging. I now move: That the report of the Directors, dated December 2, 1913, and of the auditors, dated November 21, 1913, and the accounts for the year ended June 30, 1913, be received, approved and adopted."

Mr. George E. Howard (deputy-chairman) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

SOUTH AMERICAN STORES (GATH & CHAVES).

The first Ordinary General Meeting of the South American Stores (Gath & Chaves), Ltd., was held yesterday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. W. Capel Slaughter (the Chairman) presiding. The Secretary (Mr. Arthur S. Gibbs) read the notices convening the meetings and the auditors' report on the accounts. The Chairman said that in presenting their report and accounts his colleagues and himself occupied the enviable position of submitting for consideration accounts and figures more satisfactory than those which the Company's prospectus invited shareholders to anticipate. The net profits were £428,153. The fixed dividends of 6 per cent. on the Preference and Ordinary shares absorbed £107,572, and the appropriation of the surplus of £141,546 among the preference, ordinary and deferred shares, as prescribed by the articles of association of the company, permitted of the payment of the following dividends for the period of 13 months—on the preference shares an additional 4 per cent., making a total dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum; on the ordinary shares, additional 54 per cent., making a total dividend at the rate of 114 per cent. per annum; on the deferred shares, 6d. a share or 50 per cent. These results, arrived at after establishing in the first balance sheet a reserve of £47,444, and carrying forward £227,752, could not, he thought, fail to be regarded as highly satisfactory. After going through the accounts, the Chairman said that when he was asked to join the board he studied the reports and figures submitted to him, and accepted the invitation on the understanding that he was to be permitted to go to the Argentine to confer with the local board, to inspect the properties, and to make himself acquainted with the business. In one brief sentence, he was more than satisfied with what he saw, and the favourable opinion which he had formed before he started was altogether confirmed. The business, which had been built up by the energy and resource of Mr. Gath and Mr. Chaves, was being admirably conducted with a wonderfully organised system. They had secured for it a great popularity which, with the assistance of the local board, and with Mr. Della Valle as general manager, he was not afraid of losing. One of the first things that engaged attention was the need of utilising their freehold land on Florida, which was the Bond Street of Buenos Aires. The local board at once invited him to consider the advisability of utilising their freehold for the erection of a palatial central store. He went into the question as thoroughly as he could, and was convinced of the necessity of taking that step. On his return, the board were unanimously of the opinion that the building should be taken in hand forthwith, and it was voted fairly start it. They were led to expect that it would be completed and inaugurated by September next year. Buildings of this character could not be brought into existence without large expenditure of money. The directors were, therefore, glad to be able to arrange quite recently with the house of Emile Erlanger & Co. for the sale, on terms which the directors considered favourable to the Company, of the unused value of £250,000 of the company's debentures. The shareholders would also be asked to pass resolutions sanctioning the increase of the ordinary share capital of the company by 240,000 ordinary shares. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report, Baron F. A. d'Erlanger seconded the resolution and it was carried unanimously. The dividends were formally approved, and the auditors (Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co.) re-elected. The Chairman moved: "That the capital of the company be increased to £1,952,500 by the creation of 240,000 additional ordinary shares of £1 each, to rank pari passu with the existing ordinary shares." Mr. Nathan seconded the resolution and it was carried unanimously. At separate meetings of the preferred ordinary and deferred shareholders, the increase of capital was also approved.

SPIES PETROLEUM

Mr. J. Annan Bryce, M.P. (the Chairman), presiding at the extraordinary General Meeting of the Spies Petroleum Company, Limited, held on Thursday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., said: "Our business to-day is to consider a proposal for an increase of capital. The circular which you have in your hands explains the reason, but I wish to say a few further words on the subject. The proposal is that the capital should be raised from £75,000 to £1,500,000; but it is only proposed to issue at present £150,000, with options, which, if exercised, will bring the issue up to £250,000. The total issued capital would in that case amount to £1,000,000, leaving £500,000 still unissued. The main reason for asking the consent of shareholders to the creation of an amount of capital largely in excess of immediate requirements is that the formalities in Russia in connection with an increase of capital take a considerable time, while it is highly desirable that on occasion the board should be in a position to decide promptly on an issue either because an opportunity for business might occur which had to be dealt with immediately, or because the conditions of the Money Market might necessitate speedy action. Moreover, in view of the fact that the oil interests all over the world have a tendency towards concentration, it is of great importance that your company should be recognised as having a power of rapid expansion, a power which would enable it to make its voice heard when the occasion arises. I need, however, hardly say that your directors will only avail themselves of such power of issue when the interests of the company seem to demand it, and would, of course, be guided by the view of the possibility of earning an adequate return on any issue which they might decide to make. I now turn to the reason for the issue which the board has decided to make immediately. You will have seen that two special objects are at present in view. The first of these objects is the active development of certain sections of your old properties. You are aware that the early properties of the company are situated in the central section of the Grosny field, and it had been generally supposed that these properties were approaching exhaustion; but lately the developments at depth, both on one of our own plots and on some plots belonging to our neighbours, have shown results so excellent as to warrant a recasting of this opinion. Our plot Mistrovoff, which, until lately, gave only about 3,500 pounds per week, is now giving about 22,000 pounds per week, owing to the boring of a new well to depth, and 15,000 pounds per day have recently been obtained from a well on the neighbouring property on the North Caucasian Company. Your directors are the more of opinion that the exploitation of your central plots at depth should be actively prosecuted. Further to the east, and a little to the south of our rich Baskoff plot, we lately acquired, as you know, four plots totalling 40 dessiatines, which are known as the South Baskoff plots. On each of these plots there is one well in course of drilling, but oil has not yet been reached, although, in the opinion of the management, the oil strata are now very near. The progress of the work has been slow. There has been, as mentioned at last general meeting, some delay from non-delivery of pipes; but, apart from this, it has been necessary to proceed with great deliberation, not only because the territory is a new one, of which there has been no previous experience, but because the depth of the strata being severe, much caution has to be exercised to prevent the descent of the pipes being stopped by cavings of the strata. It is, however, a very satisfactory feature that the strata encountered show strict conformity with the strata in plot Baskoff, and therefore the belief is warranted that the prolific oil-sands met with in that plot will also be found in the four southern plots. The wells on these plots will have to be drilled to upwards of 3,000 ft., and will therefore be costly, so that an extended development of the plots calls for the expenditure of large amounts of capital. The shape of the plots lends itself to the location of a large number of wells. It will be possible to drill 32 wells on the northern boundary alone, and immediately results are obtained from the trial wells, the policy would be to sink a large number of wells on that line. I now come to the second object of the present issue of capital, namely, the providing of funds for the replacement of capital expended in the acquisition of properties outside the oil Grosny field, and for their development. The most important of these at the moment are the properties acquired in the Cherny Belik field, which is distant about four miles to the east of the town of Grosny, and in the Wosnessensk field, about 25 miles to the west of Grosny. The former properties extend to 40 dessiatines and the latter to 80 dessiatines. In the Cherny Belik field two very good wells have been brought into production on neighbouring plots, one of them giving 15,000 pounds per day, and our geologist (Dr. Porok) considers that our plots should give results at least as good, if not better. At Wosnessensk oil has already been struck on a plot next one of ours, and drilling is being actively prosecuted by our neighbours. In other districts exploration work has been carried on, a number of prospects have been acquired, and options have been secured. As you will have seen from the circular, it is proposed to form a new company to work these properties. A development of them by your company alone would involve the expenditure of a very large amount of capital, and your directors consider it desirable to secure the co-operation of outside capital, while retaining the management and the management interest. The terms of sale to the new company will be based upon the refunding to the Spies Company of its outlay and a royalty of one copeck per pood on the product. In the event of the new company being successful, the development will obviously require further capital, to which the Spies Company would contribute, and your directors hope that the results will warrant them in such further contributions. Now, gentlemen, I come to the question of the agreement made for the underwriting of the new issue. The terms are specified in the circular, and your directors consider that they are very satisfactory for the company, especially considering the state of the Money Market. It has been said that a large bonus should have been given to the shareholders, to which I answer that this would have been bid finance for the company. If anyone asks why an underwriting contract has been thought necessary, my reply is that previous experience has shown that, even where there has been an underwriting contract, the shareholders have not taken up the whole of the issue, and it is absolutely necessary for the finance as well as for the credit of the company to make sure of a complete subscription. I now pass from the matter of the issue to the question of the results of the present year. So far as the first half of the year is concerned, they fall short, as you will see, of those of the same period of last year by about £27,000; but, notwithstanding a loss of about £45,000 by the strike, your directors hope that the results of the latter half of the year will enable them to maintain the dividend at last year's level. You are aware that the contract for the sale of oil made in June 1909, was due to end at December 31, 1914. Under that contract there was for the first 6,500,000 poods a minimum price of 16 copecks and a maximum of 25 copecks, and for deliveries in excess of that amount Baku price minus certain deductions. It is an absolute necessity for a producing company to make certain of an outlet for its oil. At the time the contract was made it was an excellent one, and was of advantage to the company for the first three years. Later the contract has, of course, been burdensome, and you will be glad to learn that a new contract has been made, to come into operation on January 1, 1914. Under this contract, up to 18,000,000 poods per annum are taken at full Baku price. To compensate the buyers for the cancellation of the old contract, the difference in price on the first 6,500,000 poods will be spread over three years, by a deduction of 4 copecks until the whole difference is made up. I conclude by moving: "That the capital of the company be increased to £1,500,000 by the creation of 1,500,000 shares of 10s. each, numbered from 1,501,001 to 3,000,000, inclusive." I will ask Mr. Milne to second that.

The motion was carried unanimously and the proceedings then terminated.

THE GREAT EXTENSION OF MOTOR OMNIBUS TRAFFIC

The London Type of Motor and London system of management and service to be inaugurated throughout England, in Districts of Greatest Population, by Greater Omnibus Services, Limited.

The comparative test between motor-omnibus transportation and railway transportation, proposed by Mr. Stuart A. Curzon, Managing Director of Greater Omnibus Services, Limited, draws attention to the great strides which motor-omnibus services have made and are making, and to the great advance in economy and in regularity of service which is now made possible as the fruit of years of experience in the management of motor-omnibus services in town and country. Even as short a time ago as 1911 few, indeed, could have brought themselves to believe that a given number of passengers could be conveyed for the distance of an average railway journey at less cost and at greater speed by motor-omnibus than by railway, yet that is the basis of the comparative test which Mr. Stuart A. Curzon has urged upon the President and members of the Royal Commission on British Railways as the best means of demonstrating clearly, once and for all, the greater economy of the motor-omnibus.

The great activity in the establishment of motor-omnibus services which was predicted some months ago has already commenced, and under arrangements with Greater Omnibus Services, Limited, motor-omnibus transportation is now inaugurated in a number of towns and populous districts, and services in a still larger number of districts—the total population of which is in the millions—are now in negotiation.

The Marquis of Tweeddale has recently joined the board of Greater Omnibus Services, Limited, and in order to cope with the boom in motor traffic, and to maintain the commanding position which the company holds in this field, by virtue of its vast facilities and important contracts, arrangements have been made for a considerable increase of capital by the issue of £200,000 in shares. The company has completed all the essential plans for a system of motor-omnibus services which, under a central ownership and management, will traverse all the principal roads of England, connecting large towns, small towns, and villages. Services of motor-omnibuses, of the type brought to perfection in London, will be inaugurated in other cities and towns of large population in England which at present have not the advantages of motor-omnibus service. The extensions of the new company will follow. The many and diverse forms of service such as are seen in the case of the London General Omnibus Company are examples of the types of service the new company has in mind in planning its extensions. These different forms of service are made possible, first, by the great ease and rapidity with which motor-omnibuses can be transferred from one centre to another; second, by the promptitude with which new routes can be added to the service; and third, by the great radius of action of the motor-omnibus.

Associated with the company as directors are Mr. F. W. Sanderson, who was for twenty years traffic manager of the London General Omnibus Company; Mr. Stuart A. Curzon, engineer, formerly of the L.G.O.; Mr. Harold Plumridge, late of the purchasing department of the L.G.O.; and Mr. C. G. Windsor, of the General Omnibus Supply, Limited.

The new company, therefore, has the advantage of entering a business field in which all the experimental work has already been done by the London General Omnibus Company, and the still greater advantage of the fact that the management of all its principal departments will be in the hands of men who have been engaged in this business for many years, and have been identified with this great and highly profitable new industry from its inception.

Greater Omnibus Services, moreover, enjoys an additional advantage in that it is equipped with omnibuses of proved efficiency. The London General Omnibus Company has contracted to supply a fleet of motor-omnibuses, so that the new company is able to start operations immediately with vehicles of proved reliability. The new company, on its part, has bound itself not to work these omnibuses within a distance of thirty miles of Charing Cross or in any way in competition with the London General Omnibus Company.

Other omnibuses will be built for the new company in the Walthamstow works, where the L.G.O. omnibuses have been constructed, and will be of precisely the same type as has proved so efficient in the L.G.O. service.

Londoners may not have realised it, but it is a fact that no other city in the world now enjoys so perfect a system of street transportation. The superiority and convenience of the London motor-omnibus and the magnificent development of London motor-omnibus services during Mr. Curzon's administration as engineer have attracted the attention of all the capital cities of the world.

Municipalities throughout England are turning their attention now to the system developed by the London General Omnibus Company, and to the special type of motor-omnibus which represents the concentrated experience of years. It is in these municipalities that the new company, Greater Omnibus Services, Limited, has met with its first and most eager reception.

Visitors to holiday resorts, whose patronage has caused the remarkable increase in motor char-a-banc business in the last two years, will be catered for by another important department of the company's service. With its very large fleet of cars, and owing to the speed and ease with which cars can be transferred from one centre to another, the company is able to put cars into the holiday pleasure tour service whenever the profit of such service makes it worth while, and to withdraw the cars and place them in regular service the moment the holiday demand decreases. As privately owned motor char-a-banc cars must be idle when the holiday demand is at an end, Greater Omnibus Services, Limited, have a distinct advantage in this respect, as their motor-omnibuses will be earning profits daily in regular services, both before and after they are assigned to the holiday pleasure service. An example of this class of traffic was the great fleet of privately chartered motor-omnibuses which appeared at the Derby this year.

NEXT WEEK'S OMNIBUS ISSUE

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST for the Issue of Shares of GREATER OMNIBUS SERVICES, LIMITED, will be OPENED on MONDAY next. Copies of the Prospectus may be had on application to the Secretary, Mr. Frank S. Baker, 98, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

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